THE SPEAKER

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE Cleveland election has resulted in a great Liberal victory, Mr. A. E. Pease having been returned by a majority which exceeds by nearly a thousand votes the number of the majority secured at the last General Election by his relative, the late Mr. H. F. Pease. Special interest has attached to the contest, not merely owing to the absence of the Liberal candidate, who is travelling in Eastern Africa, but from the fact that this is the first contest which has taken place in that part of the country since the General Election. The fight was a straight one between the two political parties, the threatened Labour candidate not making his appearance. It ought to be noted that Mr. Keir Hardie called upon the Independent Labour party to abstain from voting. If they followed his advice, they can hardly be a numerous body in the Cleveland division of North Yorkshire. The election campaign in Forfarshire has been pursued with great vigour, and we are glad to learn that the prospects of the Liberal candidate are very encouraging.

TWO speeches were made at the close of last week which deserve notice. The first speaker was Mr. Asquith, who addressed a large meeting at Dewsbury. He made the report of the Financial Relations Commission his principal topic, and discussed it seriously. From the conclusion of the Commissioners he did not seem to dissent, though he maintained that Scotland, as well as Ireland, ought to be treated as a separate fiscal entity. The case of Scotland, he declared, would, upon investigation, be found to produce startling results. As for Ireland, the remedy for the present state of things was to allow Irishmen to govern themselves, and to reduce the cost of their present extravagant administration. Mr. Balfour, speaking at Manchester on Saturday, replied to this speech, and took up an attitude of absolute hostility to the report of the Commissioners, whom he charged with having adopted an utterly erroneous method of argument. In opposition to Mr. Asquith, he insisted that the one hope of keeping Ireland in a state of solvency was to maintain her partnership with Great Britain.

ON Tuesday morning an announcement was made in the newspapers of the most vital interest to the English-speaking peoples of the world. This was that the Treaty for establishing a Court of Arbitration between Great Britain and the United States had been signed on the previous day by the representatives of both countries at Washington. A full copy of the treaty appeared on Tuesday in the *Daily Chronicle*, which thus forestalled all its contemporaries. An analysis of the document shows that it provides for three different tribunals to meet three different classes of questions. In the main, the lines which were laid down by Lord Salisbury and accepted by Mr. Olney in the despatches published some months ago, have been followed. The treaty is not, as has been pointed out, a complete document absolutely forbidding war between the two countries for any reason whatever. If it had been such a document it would have stultified itself, so far as its main object was concerned. What it does is to provide absolute arbitration in all those minor questions of dispute which are of the most frequent occurrence between the two countries, and in those graver questions which might conceivably lead to war to provide that every possible means of arriving at a pacific solution, including the employment of foreign mediation, shall be resorted to before hostilities are commenced. Its value to the two countries concerned is incalculable, and we believe that for the world at large it is also a document of grave and beneficent significance.

"BETTER late than never" is the verdict pronounced by most persons upon the action of Lord George Hamilton in inviting the Lord Mayor to open a national Indian Famine Relief Fund. We do not pretend to understand the indecision of the Indian Secretary, but we are heartily glad that it has come to an end at last, and that the stream of British charity can now be turned in a direction in which it is so sorely needed. The need, indeed, seems from the latest accounts to be almost overwhelming, and every penny that can be raised, either by the Government or by private benevolence, will be required to save our unhappy fellow-subjects from a miserable death. The Mansion House fund has already received liberal support, but it must be augmented greatly if it is to be anything more than as a drop in the bucket, compared with the misery it is intended to alleviate.

A VERY unwelcome and wholly unexpected visitor appeared upon our shores last Saturday, when the P. and O. steamer *Nubia*, a transport bringing home soldiers from India, reached Plymouth with cases of cholera on board. Four deaths had occurred during the voyage, and two others followed quickly after she reached port. A full investigation of the

origin of the epidemic has still to be made, but appearances point to the conclusion that the cholera was introduced into the ship with a supply of fruit and vegetables taken on board at Port Said on December 29th. There has, happily, been no difficulty in checking the spread of the disease. The men who died after the ship reached Plymouth were taken out to sea and buried there, and other precautions to prevent fresh infection were adopted. The occurrence is, nevertheless, a startling one, and will doubtless suggest fresh measures, so far as the victualling of vessels in the Suez Canal is concerned.

We discuss on another page a striking communication which has been addressed to Mr. Ellis, the Liberal Whip, by a number of Liberal Churchmen of distinction. These gentlemen complain that the Liberal party seems to be identified with a policy that is deliberately unfair to the Church, and that it is out of touch with those social movements with which Liberal Churchmen are most deeply concerned. The letter to Mr. Ellis is written with great moderation, and though its conclusions will not be accepted unreservedly by any considerable section of the Liberal party, they undoubtedly deserve the respectful attention, not only of "official Liberalism," but of Liberals generally.

Mr. Balfour, when addressing his constituents at Manchester, made an announcement which throws light upon one portion at least of the programme of Ministers during the coming Session. This was that the Government had decided not to make any proposal for giving rate-aid to Voluntary schools. He did not himself profess to be altogether opposed to such a proposal; but he declared that public opinion, even in the ranks of the supporters of the Government, was manifestly not ripe for so revolutionary a change. In these circumstances, Ministers had practically no choice in the matter. This announcement has, of course, caused bitter disappointment to many Conservatives, especially in Lancashire.

In a remarkable letter addressed to the *Times* of Saturday last, Cardinal Vaughan argued with some apparent force that the State, besides providing elementary education itself, might legitimately contract with other people to do so, just as it sometimes buys military stores by contract, while some are manufactured in its own factories. The analogy is specious, but inexact. It is a small matter that contracting for education, in the shape of "farming-out" the schools of a given district, is expressly forbidden by the present Code. But when the country contracts for military stores its official representatives take good care to get full value from the contractors; while not all local educational authorities are able or willing to take the same care about education. There is always the danger that they may buy—so to speak—an adulterated article. We do not wish to use the term offensively, but we mean an article mixed with sacerdotal or other doctrines not desired by the majority of the consumers. The result of the Cardinal's plan would be that bodies like the Christian Brothers or the Kilburn Sisterhood would offer denominational education to economically minded Boards on easy terms; that the Boards would accept it (as the Salisbury Board actually did in a transaction with the Kilburn Sisters some years ago); and then that the safeguards provided by law would prove to be illusory. The plan has been tried in Belgium, and we should like to know if anyone but Roman Catholics has found it satisfactory there.

The Great Western Railway Company are now running a service of express trains to the favourite winter health-resorts: Torquay, Falmouth, St. Ives, and Penzance. Particulars of this service are given in our advertising columns.

But the letter has had an effect much more important than are its contents. It has moved the Bishop of Chester to write to the Cardinal asking him for his advice in view of the refusal of the Government to accept that solution of the Education Question of which the two dignitaries have been the most conspicuous advocates. The Government, the Bishop says, will not give rate-aid to Voluntary schools; it offers a mere pittance, or nothing. Moreover, it has established and endowed "undenominational religion" in Wales by the Welsh Intermediate Education Act, and the "crudely inconsiderate" Free Education Act has wrecked the fee-paying denominational schools of the North. In short, it has injured the Church schools more than Mr. Acland did by his "over-eager and sometimes pedantic, but in the main justifiable requirements," and Churchmen need not expect it to help them much. On the other hand, the Liberal Churchmen's letter to Mr. Ellis and other signs encourage the Bishop to hope more from the Liberal party, especially as in this matter they would have the support of Conservative Churchmen. Cardinal Vaughan's reply is extremely minatory. If the Government is in earnest, well; if it is only "pursuing a policy of sops and doles," it would be "our highest prudence and our truest fidelity to the country and to God to work for a general break-up"! So the "party of vested interests" exhibits its heterogeneity, and is threatened with the active hostility of its strongest supporters. We expected it—though, as is said elsewhere, we do not think the Liberal party will grant Churchmen the exclusive privileges that they demand. A case for rate-aid to denominational schools may be made out from a Liberal standpoint on the ground that it would be very likely to undenominationalise them altogether. But we cannot let their alleged claims interfere with the completion of a truly national system of elementary education.

We trust that the electors of Sheffield will have something to say about the announcement that one of their representatives, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett to wit, has just accepted from the Sultan the Grand Order of the Medjidieh. The Queen, it will be remembered, almost at the beginning of the Sultan's campaign of assassination against the Armenians, refused an honour offered to her by the same blood-stained hand. The Sultan's guilt is a thousand times worse now than it was when his "honours" were thus rejected by the Queen of Great Britain; but that fact, apparently, has not caused Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett to shrink from accepting the decoration which the Great Assassin has conferred upon him. It will be interesting to know whether his constituents in Sheffield approve of his action, and desire in this formal manner to condone through their representative the hideous atrocities and crimes of the past three years.

ABROAD.

The massacre of a peaceful expedition by the King of Benin, of which the news arrived in London on Tuesday, will at least compel us to perform a service to civilisation by clearing out one of those dark places of the earth of which the most conspicuous examples in the past have been furnished by Dahomey and Ashanti. The constitution of society in Benin seems to rest on human sacrifice and on wholesale murder; and we can hardly regret that a little war is inevitable. The details of the massacre are not known as we write, though it seems probable that the party fell into the error—too common among English expeditions—of over-confidence in barbarian good faith. The fear is that the news may spread, as such news always spreads in barbarous countries, and render more difficult the task of the Niger Company's expedition, which it is now announced is directed against the tyranny of the

fanatical and alien Fulahs in the kingdom of Nupé. Perhaps, however, this exhibition of the ways of African kinglets may exercise a modifying influence on the opinion even of French colonial enthusiasts with regard to our aims on the Niger.

WHILE the news as to the Indian famine is slightly less unfavourable, that as to the spread of the plague grows worse. It is increasing at Kurrachee; it has reached Poona, and paralysed trade at Bombay; and it is probably being spread over a wide area by thousands of infected refugees whom terror predisposes to succumb to any attack. Moreover, it is known to be correlated with insufficient food and with dry seasons; so that very grave results may be expected, should it reach the famine districts. And as its virus is a soil poison, the Indian cities, which stand on the filth of generations, naturally furnish a congenial home for its bacilli. Vigorous measures of sanitation are talked of; it is to be hoped it may be possible to carry them out.

THE appointment of Count Mouravieff, the Russian Minister to Denmark, to succeed the late Prince Lobanoff as Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been received with singularly few comments, because the Press and the public alike are comprehensively ignorant as to his precise qualifications for the post. His diplomatic career has been mostly spent in posts of minor importance, though the list includes Paris and Berlin; and his long connection with the Court of Denmark, so closely allied to that of Russia, suggests that the choice has been determined by personal rather than political considerations. It may fairly be presumed, however, that his anti-German environment at Copenhagen has not predisposed him to any special friendliness for Germany; and it is stated that he is personally somewhat lacking in calm and self-control. One is inclined, however, to imagine that the real significance of the appointment is that the determination of Russian foreign policy will now be recognised as more than ever a matter either for the Czar or (more probably) for the new Council of State, which seems likely, when it is formed, to appropriate much of the Imperial functions. If so, we need not look for much change in the traditional policy of Russia in the East.

THE French Chamber, which reassembled on Tuesday after the Christmas recess, is in arrear, as usual, with the Budget, and has before it a formidable array of interpellations, at least three of which are of a critical kind. These are the interpellation of M. Jaurès on the state of agriculture; that of M. Carnaud, another Socialist, on the appointment of M. Doumer to the governorship of Indo-China; and another on the transfer of M. Vel-Durand from the prefecture of the Department of the Nord to the Conseil d'État, on the ground that he has not succeeded in checking Socialist agitation. As to M. Doumer, it is stated that his late chief fully intended to appoint him to the post he has now obtained, and that the interpellation will probably recoil on its own authors. Still, the unexpected usually happens in French politics, and it is not clear that the Chamber will reflect the lassitude of the electorate.

THE drain from the rural districts to the towns is making itself severely felt in France. The figures of last year's census show that sixty-three departments are losing population, while only twenty-four are gaining it; and these latter all contain great cities or important centres of industry. Since 1891, the total increase of population is only 175,000; but it has been more than absorbed by Paris and its suburbs alone, which have increased by 199,000; while the towns of above 30,000 population have together increased by 327,000. In the face of these figures, a Neo-Malthusian League against large families, founded by the redoubtable M. Robin, of Cempuis fame, is displaying fresh activity. But how, even without M. Robin's influence to the contrary, is France to maintain her place in Europe?

THE German official world and the Agrarian party are receiving a salutary though disagreeable lesson as to the limits of State interference. The Stock Exchange, indeed, has submitted with a good grace to the regulations recently imposed upon it; but the produce merchants and brokers of Berlin have effectually evaded bureaucratic dictation. They at once migrated *en masse* from the Produce Exchange to a neighbouring building with the singularly inappropriate title of "The Fairy Palace," under the glass roof of which they have since carried on their dealings without official supervision. They now propose to make their position more secure by forming a voluntary Produce Exchange Society for the whole of Germany, which is not to publish its prices current, either directly or indirectly. Thus, dealing will go on as before, but the producers will not be able to ascertain the state of the markets without some inconvenience. Of course, the Agrarian Press maintains that this is infringing or evading the Combination Laws. These laws, however, only forbid combinations "intended to influence public affairs"; and as the commercial world simply declines to avail itself of the usual building and the attendant privileges, and refuses to influence the public mind even by publishing quotations, it is difficult to see how its action can be illegal. German jurisprudence, unlike English, usually recognises certain "natural rights," and of these the right to trade and to meet for the purpose of trading is assuredly a corollary. Dealing in grain futures, against which the new law is primarily directed, is no doubt often pernicious, though it is clear that something may be said on both sides; but assuredly the German Government have not gone the right way to check it.

THE dissolution by the Italian Government of the Labour Exchange in Rome, and of the Socialist Clubs in that and various neighbouring cities, is probably an indication both of the approach of the general election and of the definite rupture which has so long been predicted between the Ministry and the Radical party. The policy of the step seems doubtful, and the similar course adopted by Signor Crispi's Government throughout Italy in 1894 probably rather strengthened than weakened the Socialist cause. Nobody yet knows, however, whether the general election is yet definitely decided on, or on what issue it will be fought. The *Times* correspondent states that the Ministry will probably propose the total abandonment of the Erythræan colony, which will rouse much opposition among people who would otherwise support the Ministry as anti-Radicals, and may involve some revelations as to the history of the mismanagement of the Abyssinian enterprise—revelations which, we infer, will not redound to the credit of the Court.

THE appointment of Senator John Sherman to the Secretaryship of State in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet seems, as we write, to be practically certain, and will be very satisfactory on the whole. Senator Sherman, as is usually the case with Secretaries of State in America, has far greater experience and higher authority in politics than are possessed by his titular chief; he has been in political life upwards of forty years—longer than anyone in the history of his country—and during its most

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

troubled and critical periods, politically and financially alike; he continues the traditions of an older, and perhaps a better, period of politics; he has been an excellent Secretary of the Treasury, though the force of circumstances has sometimes driven him from the strictly orthodox course; and, though his name is unfortunately connected with a most pernicious Silver Bill, his actual share in framing it was not great, and he has explained and recanted his error. He has little sympathy, moreover, with the new policy of expansion and Jingoism which has grown up in his party of late years; and in spite of his chairmanship of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate, we cannot conceive him writing inflammatory despatches or otherwise "twisting the lion's tail." He will not be a brilliant Minister, but he will probably be a safe and a dignified one.

LITERATURE.

A VERY interesting question is raised by Miss Emily Lawless in this month's *Nineteenth Century*—a question which, though apparently she does not know it, affords a valuable illustration of the motives which probably led to the production of the many spurious works that have come down to us from classical antiquity, and are very inappropriately termed "forgeries." Miss Lawless has been reading Irish mediæval literature, and is impressed by its quaint old-world charm—so much impressed, indeed, that she longs to try and imitate it, simply to gratify her artistic taste and to be sure that she has divined the secret. But this, as she points out, raises a nice question of literary ethics: you may imitate poetry as much as you please, but, somehow, if you imitate mediæval prose the result is commonly called a literary forgery.

NOW this desire to imitate, from mere literary interest in the model, was, we believe, the real motive of nine-tenths of the "literary forgeries" which have perplexed students of the literature and philosophy of Greece. Perhaps the remaining tenth was made to sell to wealthy collectors, and genuine speeches of Demosthenes were padded out with various documents, probably spurious, much as Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is "Grangerised" for the wealthy American bibliophile. But such "forgeries" as the "Eryxias" of Plato or the many works attributed to the companions of Pythagoras, which, surviving only in fragments, betray themselves by exhibiting traces of Platonic and Aristotelian influence, were, we believe, originally the product of students trying to reproduce the style of the master, or his supposed thoughts, or both. Very likely, when the thing was done, some unintelligent or designing person came across it and treated it as genuine; but it is difficult to suppose that the forgeries would have been so well executed if the motive were merely the desire of gain, or that so many of them would have been philosophical treatises—that class of literature, in ancient times as in modern, appealing to a somewhat penurious section of the public. If we can imagine Dr. Abbott's "Philochristus: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord" treated by a careless cataloguer as a genuine document of the Apostolic age, we shall have a precise parallel to the probable action of many librarians and booksellers in antiquity.

ANOTHER problem raised by one of the important publications of this week is familiar enough to students of classical literature. The facts will, indeed, suggest to them some uncomfortable reflections on the value of purely internal evidence. Mr. John Murray has just issued three handsome volumes, two containing Gibbon's Letters—now for the first time published in a complete form under the editorship of Mr. R. E. Prothero—while the third, which is edited by Mr. John Murray himself comprises seven draft autobiographies of the historian, none of them, apparently, left ready for the press. (We may add, parenthetically, that the volumes include an admirable portrait of the historian, and a possibly faithful, but certainly comic, silhouette.) Lord Sheffield contributes a preface explaining the circumstances of the publication. His grandfather, the first Earl, was Gibbon's intimate friend and literary executor, and, after publishing the well-known editions of the Autobiography and the Letters, directed in his will that no more of Gibbon's literary remains should be published unless the publication was authorised by a memorandum bearing his signature. This provision was observed until the Gibbon centenary, when it was felt that it might legitimately be regarded as obsolete. Accordingly these volumes have appeared.

NOW the remarkable fact is this: Gibbon's Autobiography has always been regarded as a masterpiece of style, and as the best autobiography in existence. But it appears from these MS. drafts that Gibbon never wrote it as a whole. The first Lord Sheffield, Lady Sheffield, and their eldest daughter (afterwards the first Lady Stanley of Alderley), made up the work as it has been known hitherto out of excerpts from these seven drafts, and nobody has ever suspected it. Now, we have heard much in the Homeric controversy and elsewhere of the bungling Diaskeuast or editor, a hypothetical personage who, simply from internal evidence, is presumed to have made up certain ancient books as we have them out of scattered fragments. But here is a Committee of Diaskeuasts who worked only a century ago, and whose existence has never been suspected at all. Hence, on the one hand, what may we not conjecture about the composition of such perfect works of literary art as Plato's Republic? On the other hand, if criticism has failed to scent the Diaskeuast here, how many of the Diaskeuasts it has scented—in the extant works of Aristotle, or in the Acts of the Apostles, for instance—may be purely imaginary beings!

OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BASIL JONES, D.D., Bishop of St. David's and historian of his See and Cathedral, had also done admirable work in classical and Biblical scholarship, and had been an excellent, if not very conspicuous, prelate.—Mr. J. P. Maunsell was the editor of the Dublin *Daily Express*, the leading Conservative organ of the Irish capital.—Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler was a well-known authority on Indian subjects and an able historian of British India.—Dr. F. J. Mouat had been President of the Royal Statistical Society, and was an authority on education and prison-discipline.—Mr. Agostino Gatti had been for a long period a prominent figure in the London theatrical world as the proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre. He was also well known as a caterer and restaurant proprietor; indeed, he and his brother were pioneers of the modern London restaurant. In these latter capacities, he was probably the largest employer of Italians in London.

THE ARBITRATION TREATY.

WE trust we shall not be regarded as too optimistic if we say that we sympathise rather with those who take the exuberant view of the Arbitration Treaty signed last Monday than with the critics who are examining the Treaty and its possible consequences in a rather doleful manner. Nobody will claim that the Treaty itself is a perfect instrument. It is not in the nature of things that any work of human hands should be absolutely

perfect. Nothing is more easy than to pick holes in an instrument of such far-reaching importance, dealing with so many momentous questions. But even if the Treaty were much further removed from perfection than it is, the fact that it has been signed would still be an event over which the whole human race might rejoice. Its first and greatest consequence is that it throws the possibility of war between ourselves and the American people much further back than it has ever been before. If war should ever come between us, it could only come either through persistent and malignant wrong-doing on the side of one nation or the other, or in opposition to the moral sense of both nations; for this Treaty commits us both, so long as we retain any sense of honour, to the adoption of all pacific means in order to secure a solution of any difficulty that may arise between us before we resort to arms. Some attempts have been made in the newspapers to apply the Treaty to the events of last year and to see how it would have worked if it had then been in existence. Well, that is not a test from which the authors of the Treaty need shrink. Twelve months ago, when we were most unhappily brought to the brink of a rupture with the United States, we were saved from the catastrophe into which it seemed as though we were about to be plunged, through two things and two things only. The first was the moderation and good sense almost universally shown on this side of the Atlantic under the wholly unexpected provocation we had received; the second—and, we believe, not the less important of the two—was the rallying of the moral sentiment of the American people on the side of peace. No person with English blood in his veins—and we include in the phrase the majority of the American people as well as ourselves—can fail to be thrilled by the recollection of the sturdy and indomitable stand which was made in America twelve months ago by the preachers in ten thousand pulpits, when, in spite of the momentary passion of the people, they insisted upon proclaiming the gospel of peace, and upon denouncing those who sought to carry them into a fratricidal war. That was before any Treaty of Arbitration had been signed, and at a moment when such a Treaty seemed to be very far off indeed. But, supposing such a Treaty had existed, and this way for the pacific and just settlement of disputes between the two nations had been open to both, how much stronger would have been the ground occupied by the preachers, how much more forcible the arguments they addressed to their congregations! No man of honour on either side of the Atlantic would, if the Arbitration Treaty had been signed at that time, have regarded war as being possible, for he would have felt that upon both countries rested the obligation of submitting themselves to the arbitrament of law before either was entitled to draw the sword.

This seems to us to be the first gain from the great Treaty, but it is only one of many gains which both countries must derive from it. Most of the causes of quarrel between us and the United States have been extremely small in their character. For years past we have, happily, been in the habit of referring those questions to just such a Court as that which has now been formally established, and whether the award has been given for us or against us we have acquiesced in it with satisfaction and contentment. But at any moment a wave of political passion like that which swept across the United States in December, 1895, might have moved either country and made it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to submit even the most trivial cause of quarrel to the decision of the law. This danger is averted by the signing of the Treaty. Henceforth the Jingo in England or the spread-eagle orator in the United States, who wishes to indulge in the pastime of stirring up a quarrel with his kinsmen across the seas, will have to reflect that the quarrel must, after all, be settled in a court of law. If this does not cool the temper of the most turbulent orators, we hardly know what will do so. But over and above all these considerations of the minor effects of this Treaty, there is the greater consideration that, given common loyalty and common honesty on both sides—and we see no reason to question the existence of these sentiments both here and in America—the two great peoples, who between them represent the forces which made this little island the pioneer in progress, liberty, and civilisation throughout the world, can go on their way henceforth with the feeling that they are pledged by all that is solemn and holy to a common amity. They may raise armies and build forts, but it can never be said that they are raising them or building them against each other. The reign of law—in other words, the supreme rule of right—has been solemnly established between them, and the reign of mere brute force has, so far as their mutual relations are concerned, been trampled under foot.

We agree, therefore, with those who look upon this Treaty as one of the most memorable achievements of the nineteenth century, and we are thankful that before a century so remarkable in the history of the world has closed, this laurel wreath should have been gathered to be placed upon its brow. As for the effects of the Treaty upon the outer world, it is much too soon to speculate. We fear that the pessimists are right in believing that the example which has thus been set by England and America is not likely to be soon imitated by the Great Powers of Europe. But time is long, and the influence of a good example, though it may take effect very slowly, is never wholly lost. Sometimes, indeed, it seems as though such an example sets fire to the popular imagination in the most unexpected places, and produces results astounding in their magnitude. The electric shock which, according to the poet, runs through all mankind when a great deed of wrong, or some noble act of courage, stirs the pulse, may yet help forward the cause of universal peace. At all events we have no need to be ashamed of the good day's work that was done at Washington last Monday, nor have we any need to despair of the future of arbitration merely because for the moment our neighbours on the Continent are not likely to adopt the principle to which we have now solemnly set our hands and seals. Still less do we believe it possible that the Americans will allow their domestic feuds to prevent the ratification of the great work of last Monday. Let us say, before we leave the subject, one special word in praise of Lord Salisbury. Differing from him greatly as Liberals do upon many questions of policy, and detesting heartily many of the principles which he has openly professed, they must yet admit that upon this occasion he has laid them, in common with his fellow Conservatives, under a deep debt of gratitude, and that debt is all the greater because Lord Salisbury is about the last man in England to whom we should have looked for a cordial recognition of the value of a system of international arbitration. He must have done violence to many of his strongest prepossessions, and must have broken loose from many of his early prejudices before he could bring himself to the point, not merely of accepting, but of advocating and carrying forward, an instrument like this new Treaty. All the more honour is due to him for having thus yielded to popular sentiment and obeyed that will of the people, of

which, on this occasion at least, it may be said without irreverence and without mockery that it was also the will of God.

BALFOUR THE FIRST.

IT has often been said, by Mr. Goldwin Smith and others, that besides Lord Chatham there were two Mr. Pitts. There was the Liberal Economist of 1784 to 1793. There was the Panic-Stricken Terrorist of the Revolutionary War. To compare small things with great, there are, besides the Chief Secretary for Ireland, two Mr. Balfours. There is the Coercionist of 1887 to 1891. There is the Conciliator with his Light Railways, his Land Acts, his policy of "killing Home Rule with kindness." Mr. Balfour's policy, it will be observed, good or bad, wise or foolish, centres on Ireland. For the rest of the United Kingdom he has never had any policy at all. In his speech to his constituents at Manchester last Saturday he reverted to his earlier manner, and treated Ireland as a hostile country which must be dragooned into submission and obedience. He was, of course, bound to defend his brother's Land Act of last year. But he did so in the most perfunctory manner, and at once proceeded to attack the Report, or rather the Reports, of the Financial Commission. Even in his brief apology to the Irish landlords, who bitterly and not unnaturally resent the treatment they have received from their political friends, Mr. Balfour displayed the amazing inaccuracy which besets all his references to practical affairs. "But one Bill," he said, "and one alone, was received with anything in the nature of hostile criticism by any section of our party. That Bill was the Irish Land Bill." Mr. Balfour, we know, shows his superior wisdom by never reading a newspaper, and, so far as we can perceive, in no other way. But he is compelled by his position to attend Parliamentary debates, and yet he has already forgotten that any of his own supporters opposed the Education Bill of 1896. He is also under the strange delusion that the Agricultural Rating Act, commonly called the Landlords' Relief Act, was received with sympathy and approval by the Conservative representatives of commercial towns. Mr. Justin McCarthy is, we are glad to know, completing his "History of Our Own Times" and bringing it down to the present day. A chapter from Mr. Balfour would form an interesting appendix. It will distress Mr. Gladstone to learn that Mr. Balfour is "no admirer of the Irish Land Legislation of 1881," which was "unsound in principle," and for which, by the way, some of his most influential colleagues in the present Cabinet were directly responsible. One of his Tory colleagues, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, has more sense. No man has acknowledged more cordially than Lord Cadogan the immense benefits conferred upon Ireland by the agrarian policy of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Balfour's flippant and impertinent criticism of The O'Conor Don's Report was a pure appeal to the baser sort of English prejudice against Ireland. It is, he considers, "a singular thing that there should be any new discoveries to make upon this subject in the year 1896 or 1897." Able men have been in office since the Amalgamation of the Exchequers in 1817, and yet they never found out that Ireland was being overtaxed. This is like the old argument against Parliamentary reform that the Battle of Waterloo was won without it; but it is a flawless specimen of logic compared with what follows. If Ireland pays in excess of her taxable capacity by £2,700,000, how, asks Mr. Balfour, is this money obtained? And he answers his own question. "It is obtained by indirect taxation, and principally — as a friend of mine among the audience has just observed—principally from the duty upon whisky." We fear that a friendship founded upon such a stupendous fallacy does not promise to be durable. How in the world does Mr. Balfour get his right to assume that the excessive taxation of Ireland is indirect? The Commissioners do not say so, and they would be great fools—almost as great fools as Mr. Balfour takes them for—if they did. They are dealing with the whole taxation of the country, direct and indirect alike. Mr. Balfour reminds us of the intelligent member of the House of Commons who boasted that it must have been he who saved the Government from defeat because he voted for them, and their majority was only one. Mr. Balfour has, of course, a motive for making the assumption, though he has no right to make it. It enables him to ask the English consumers of beer how they would like to pay more for it in order that the Irishman may pay less for his whisky. The Commissioners do not suggest that the duty on whisky should be lowered and the duty on beer raised, although they have brought out the fact that the alcohol in whisky is taxed ten times as much as the alcohol in beer. The point upon which they insist is, that whereas the wealth of Ireland is one-twentieth of the wealth of the United Kingdom her taxation is one-thirteenth. Mr. Balfour may dispute some of the tests adopted by the Commissioners. They are not all infallible. But he finds it convenient to forget that as he himself in 1890 admitted the separate taxable entity of Ireland, so Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain in 1893 acknowledged that one-twentieth was her proper share.

Having arbitrarily declared, without a tittle of evidence, that indirect taxation was the ground of Ireland's case, Mr. Balfour proceeded to knock down the ninepin he had himself set up. You cannot, he says, institute any comparison between the indirect taxation of two countries, because there is "an element of free-will." If a man drinks no alcohol and no tea and smokes no tobacco and eats no currants he practically escapes indirect taxation. May we venture to remind this great logician and metaphysician that if a man sells everything he has, and gives the money to the poor, he will pay no more income tax? Mr. Balfour may think, like so many orthodox Christians, that to live in accordance with the teaching of Christ would be conclusive evidence of insanity. But to suppose that the mass of Irishmen or Englishmen or Scotsmen will refrain from smoking and drinking in moderation because beer and spirits and tobacco are highly taxed is quite as ridiculous as to imagine that rich men in a Christian country will be guided by the precepts of Christ. Mr. Balfour's only other contribution to a controversy, which will neither be short nor simple, was the old answer that what Ireland pays she gets back, and more too. Now, if the administration of Ireland were controlled by the taxation, or in other words, if Ireland had Home Rule, this would be a sufficient reply. But under existing conditions it is irrelevant. Ireland does not ask for an armed and drilled Constabulary, an army in everything but name, to maintain the English garrison at Dublin Castle and elsewhere. The Irish peasant would not be inconsolable if the Irish Chancellor ceased to receive a salary larger than the collective income of all the judges in Belgium. Irishmen would do well to urge upon the British public, and especially upon the working classes of this country, that England gains nothing by the present arrangement, and would lose nothing by a change. Wasteful expenditure is no set off against unjust taxation. A wise and economical,

because a local and responsible government of Ireland would soon save the excess, and enable the taxes to be reduced accordingly. Irish Home Rule will come, and come very fast, when all classes of Irishmen perceive that it will be the best thing for them in the long run.

LIBERALISM AND THE CHURCH.

THE letter addressed to the Liberal Whip, Mr. T. E. Ellis, by a number of prominent dignitaries of the Church of England is a welcome reminder that the surroundings of her leading members and the claims made by certain of her clergy have not yet wholly estranged the Church from the Liberal cause. Some of the signatories, like Canon Gore and the Deans of Durham and Ely, have long been active in promoting Liberal policy; others, like Canon Shuttleworth and Canon Scott-Holland, approach political questions rather from the social side and would probably class themselves as "Christian Socialists"; another, Mr. Adderley, is the son of a former Tory Minister, and has done excellent social work in the East End of London, but has not hitherto been thought of in connection with regular Liberalism. But all alike are animated by a sincere sympathy with the struggling masses among whom the work of the Church must chiefly lie, and by a sincere and evident conviction that the Liberal party—divided and paralysed though its advocates declare it to be—is still the most powerful engine of social reform. They see that the Tory party—which has been described by its own most venerable organ as the party which defends and unites all vested interests, and which, as other organs are never tired of telling us, has attracted to itself most of the capitalists in the country and nearly all the landlords—is not quite the party to carry out the reforms which are declared to be an infringement of capitalists' and landlords' rights. But they are not quite sure of the Liberal party, which has a traditional association with capitalism and with individualism, and has been brought by various circumstances into a position of partial antagonism to the Church. So they appeal to it, in effect, to put aside Disestablishment, to support Church reform, to admit the claims of Churchmen to Church teaching for their children, and, above all, to provide a social policy and "a leader who believes in it."

With the spirit that animates the declaration—except in one of its manifestations—we cordially agree, and we are inclined to accept one of the political positions taken up by the writers. Disestablishment in England—we do not speak of Wales—is not, for the moment, a question of immediate practical politics. According to present appearances, we incline to think it is more likely to be brought about from within the Church than from outside. The reforms which that active Tory Churchman, Mr. Griffith Boscawen, M.P., has recently been advocating go so near to complete elimination of the State from Church matters that disestablishment—and of course disendowment—seem to follow from them as a natural corollary. A Free Church (or, rather, a number of Free Churches) in a free state is, we are convinced, ideally the best arrangement; judging by the experience of Ireland and of the United States, it is the best for the Church as well as for the State. Disestablishment, if it came, would remove many stumbling-blocks from the path of the earnest and sensitive Churchman; and would make loyalty to the Church of England very much easier for the next generation than it has been, and is, for some members of that Church in this. But it would be eminently undesirable, in the interest alike of Christianity and the State, that Disestablishment should take place as the result of a strict party vote. The Irish Church was not disestablished thus; nor could the English Church be so without very grave dangers indeed.

But there are other points in the letter which call for adverse criticism. We may shrug our shoulders at the limitations of politicians who ignore Home Rule, or suppose that they can get the social reforms they want without securing that the popular will shall not be frustrated by a house of landlords, capitalists, and anti-Liberals which is conspicuously independent of public opinion except when the country seems to be verging on revolution. We may wonder at their simplicity in supposing that it is the business of the Liberal organisers at headquarters to force labour candidates on constituencies in defiance of local feeling or of local judgment as to the best way of carrying the seat. And we may point out that a "social programme" is not a thing to be picked up anywhere. In general terms, the programme sketched in the letter is that of all but the most moderate Liberals; but a programme has to descend to particulars, and to include means as well as ends. As is pointed out in a noteworthy criticism of the letter in this week's *Guardian*, written apparently by a Churchman who is also an old-fashioned Liberal, some of the means are already provided by law, and the right course is to influence the local authorities. For the rest, the selection of means which will really attain the desired object without doing more harm than good—in the case of old-age pensions, for instance—presents as yet unsolved problems, and some of the gravest which await the modern statesman.

The real difficulty, however, in agreeing with the letter is the attitude taken up by its framers on the Education Question. They demand "the fullest security for the Church teaching of Church children," and, if this is secured, they are willing to accept the fullest popular representation on Boards of managers. Nobody wants Church children to escape Church teaching; but it is unreasonable that they should receive it at the expense of people who do not accept it; and if that grievance be microscopic, the dangers that—in spite of all conscience clauses—it may be pressed on children whose parents prefer that they should not have it, and that it may include doctrines which large sections of the Church do not recognise, are very real indeed. But the real objection to the demand made is this. Public elementary schools ought to be public and national, not kept up at the public expense in the interests of one religious body, or even two. Where there is no Established Church, as in the United States, and in Australia, and in Manitoba, the good sense of the English race adopts the common-sense solution, and the Churches give specific religious teaching through religious persons by voluntary effort. Why cannot they do so in England, and so end a controversy, the continuance of which is likely to do quite as much harm to the Church and the nation as will more than counterbalance the good done by any social programme we are likely to get realised? To claim these special privileges for the Church—privileges conflicting with the spirit of Liberalism, and very dangerous in practice to the cause of sound education, whether religious or secular—is hardly the best way to encourage the Liberal party to enter cordially into the alliance they seek. A good many Liberals, being only human, cannot be expected quite to forget the irritating ascendency of the Church in the past, or rid themselves of the memories of the

jealousy which that ascendency inevitably engendered in those on whom it bore hardest.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN INQUIRY.

SO soon as Parliament meets it will be the duty of the Government to set up without delay the South African Committee, which did no more than choose a chairman last Session. We should hope to see the Committee appointed within a week. There may be some discontent felt in certain quarters as to its constitution. The friends of Mr. Rhodes may object to the presence of Mr. Labouchere on the Committee; but it is not in accordance with the practice of the House of Commons to exclude men who can by their special knowledge assist an inquiry merely because they are biassed in opinion. They may object—and we think with less unreason—against the predominance of the official element on the Committee. The proportion of Ministers and ex-Ministers is perhaps a little excessive, but Mr. Rhodes may be comforted by remembering that ex-Ministers must not be assumed to be of one mind with their successors even on details of policy which are outside the area of party conflict. The Irish sections also had their fling in August, and may want to have it again. But for all practical purposes the decision of last Session must be regarded as final, and any delay in reappointing the Committee will be mere waste of time. Thus the Committee ought to be able to meet to choose its chairman and arrange its course of procedure before the end of January, and should begin the hearing early next month.

The difficulty in arranging procedure will arise from the multiplicity of interests to be represented. Mr. Rhodes will evidently fight, unless his truculence is toned down by the softening influences of the Bay of Biscay. But it must not be assumed that in this he represents all his friends. Rumour has it that even Mr. Rochfort Maguire, his late alternate on the Chartered Board, though as Parnellite Member for Clare he had had some experience of strong language, was not altogether pleased with the recent speeches of his chief. It is scarcely to be expected that the men who were actually engaged in the raid will feel much satisfaction in reading avowals which might have come more graciously before the discovery of the cipher telegrams. As for the Duke of Abercorn, the Duke of Fife, Sir Horace Farquhar, and Mr. George Cawston, they may be expected to disclaim all sympathy with attacks on the "unctuous rectitude" of the British people. Thus we shall have the bad directors defying Heaven, and the good directors professing to know nothing about the Stock Exchange, and other piquant little distinctions to be borne in mind. Again, we shall have the Colonial Office naturally desiring to prove that it was right all through, right in giving Mr. Rhodes the practical monopoly of the field for the expansion of Cape Colony, right in allowing Dr. Jameson to collect 600 men to protect the railway workers against the followers of Sechele, as well as right in stopping him when he went over the Transvaal border. We shall have the people of Johannesburg with their separate case, for it is an essential part of the truth to be elicited that Johannesburg, while wishing for reform, was also opposed to the absolute domination of Mr. Rhodes. All the interests we have spoken of will be represented by eminent counsel, except the Colonial Office, which will have its representatives, legal or lay, on the Committee. It is said that almost all the Queen's Counsel of distinction at the Parliamentary Bar have been already retained.

So far as the object of the Committee is to clear up the history of the raid, it might hope, with the aid we have mentioned, to arrive at the truth. But the history of the raid is to our mind a very small part of the issue. The really important question for the Committee is what is to be the future government of Charterland. On this question Mr. Rhodes and the Dukes may be expected to agree, the people of Johannesburg are indifferent, and the Colonial Office will naturally be diffident lest it will be charged with being—Downing Street. To Colonists the connotation of that term of abuse is sufficiently familiar. Who is to speak for the present inhabitants of Rhodesia, and, what is of much more importance, for the young Africanders of the Cape, who must be its future colonists? There will doubtless be a good many discontented concession-holders represented by counsel. They will show that while they acquired their concessions in a perfectly formal manner, often before the concession to Mr. Rudd, they have been unable to obtain even a trial owing to the very peculiar system of law existing in those regions. But this, after all, is comparatively a trifle. On general grounds we should feel glad if the Chartered Company, by obtaining a land and mineral monopoly, and handing it over to the future nation, were to establish nationalisation of the land. The real question is whether the monopoly of land and minerals, combined with the powers of government, now held by the Chartered Company, is not likely to prove fatal to individual enterprise, and whether, indeed, it has not already led to many abuses. In Rupert's Land such a monopoly was claimed by a company much more ancient than that of which the Duke of Fife is chairman, and at least as respectable. The monopoly of the Hudson Bay Company led to war with independent traders from Upper Canada, and though, after bloodshed, a settlement was patched up, no real progress was made in the development of the North-West Territories until the Company was, on fair terms, deprived of its monopoly. Who is to set before the Committee the case against monopoly in Rhodesia? We cannot expect many Rhodesians to do so, for the man who goes against the Company is not likely to succeed at Buluwayo. We cannot learn it from the rival concession-holders, for they are largely tarred with the same brush. Mr. Labouchere will doubtless do his best to bring out this side of the case, and may do it effectively enough. But Mr. Labouchere is almost his own counsel in this, and no man recognises the truth of the old Spanish adage more readily than Mr. Labouchere does in his private affairs. He does not fight his own libel cases; he employs Sir Frank Lockwood to fight them. We venture to suggest that there is need of some new machinery to bring out the case against the Chartered Company. Counsel are frequently assigned in criminal courts. It might be possible on the same analogy to assign counsel and solicitor to the Rhodesian colonists, and to pay their expenses out of the Treasury, as the expenses of the impeachment of Warren Hastings were paid. There would be no exact precedent for such a course, but the circumstances are exceptional. If we do not take care, the ingenuity of the many lawyers retained in the cause of monopoly may be too much even for Mr. Labouchere, and attention may be distracted from the main question to merely personal issues. We venture to suggest to the Committee that to avoid this difficulty they should ask

to be allowed to employ solicitors and counsel who may help them in ascertaining the truth.

INSURANCE.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been attracted to the new scheme for Old Age Pensions recently submitted to the public by Mr. Henry C. Burdett, and we digress from the subjects customarily dealt with in this column in order to make some reference to this latest endeavour to solve the insoluble. Mr. Burdett's scheme is, in effect, a gigantic system of deferred annuities, to which is superadded the protection in the emergency of sickness already granted by the Friendly societies. It is suggested that a maximum weekly contribution of 1s. shall entitle the poor wage-earner to a sick-pay allowance of 10s. per week, and a pension of 7s. per week on attaining 60 years of age; but the contribution suggested being admittedly insufficient to provide the benefits granted, Mr. Burdett proposes to restore the financial equilibrium by State aid. On the basis of certain figures collected by the eminent statistician, Sir R. Giffen—but which we must regard as far from trustworthy for the purposes of so important a forecast—he calculates that an annual charge of some £600,000 on the Government revenues and an appropriation of about £200,000 a year from the charity funds of the country would make things work on a solvent financial keel. Now, we are not concerned to say that these amounts would form too high a price to pay for the advantages of a really satisfactory Old Age Pension scheme, but it will be obvious that figures of this size can only be devoted to the purpose in view if the scheme meets all reasonable requirements and is proof against the tests applied by investigation and criticism.

In regard to the adequacy of the suggested contributions from the actuarial point of view we do not propose to controvert Mr. Burdett, though even this is an arguable question, having regard to the uncertain elements in any great national scheme; but, admitting for the moment the sufficiency of the contributions, there are other financial objections of a very serious character. The question of interest is the first that occurs. It is assumed that interest at 2½ per cent. will accrue on the contributions. Well, Consols themselves yield barely 2¼ per cent., and with the huge accumulation of the new fund it is reasonable to surmise that the money market might be upset and the ruling rate of interest reduced. It must be remembered that a period of forty years has to elapse before the actual results of the scheme become operative, during which time all contributions for pension purposes have to be accumulated at the assumed rate of interest. This is in itself a sufficiently large assumption to make, but this is not all. The future rate of mortality to which this huge national body is to be subject is passed by quite casually, though its accurate estimation is as necessary to the working out of Mr. Burdett's results as any other element in the case; and, even waiving this point and assuming that the future rate of mortality can be predicated with safety, there would be an obvious inequitableness in charging members of healthy and unhealthy trades the same contribution for a benefit, the probability of receiving which must vary so greatly. To turn to administrative matters, it is clearly understood that the co-operation of the Friendly societies is necessary for the distribution of sick-pay, while for the pension fund, a new Government department would have to be formed, similar—if not allied with—the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office. At the very outset, Mr. Burdett admits that any attempt in the direction of a national scheme must recognise the views of Friendly societies. He then goes on to make this proviso—that no Friendly society which the Government auditors declare to be financially unsound shall be suffered to exist. This Utopian but utterly impracticable proposition is really the chief rock on which the author's scheme must split. On the very threshold of the argument we are confronted with an insuperable obstacle. Does Mr. Burdett know the position of Friendly societies in this country? Is he aware that two out of three (roughly speaking) are insolvent, and that the total insolvency of bodies of this description represents a deficiency of three and a half millions? It may be safely asserted that it would be impossible to find a sufficient number of actuarially solvent Friendly societies to lend the Government the necessary assistance in the working of his proposals, while the mind stands aghast at any plan which he might suggest for stringing the insolvent societies up to concert pitch. Again, the mere idea of Government supervision and interference would throw the minority of solvent societies into opposition to the scheme. Over and over again the representatives of these bodies have stated publicly that they do not want Government assistance or Government interference in any shape or form whatever, and to legislate counter to their wishes and traditions would tend at least to alienate their support if not to arouse their active hostility. Moreover, it should not be overlooked that such a course would be directly opposed to the spirit and aims of the Friendly Societies' Act of 1875. As to the working of the new department, Mr. Burdett assumes that it could be carried on as cheaply as the present Savings Bank Department, but this seems scarcely possible, bearing in mind the magnitude of the scheme and its localised operations. The proposal to meet temporary discontinuances by a system of small loans, for instance, suggests a huge source of complication and expense. Unfortunately, considerations of space prevent us from giving to this highly interesting and ingenious scheme the close criticism on many other points which it requires. But without being unduly captious we may summarise the leading objections which appear to us to render it impracticable. First, it would establish a vast Government bureau with local branches in every town, if not in every village, throughout the country, a formidable proposal before which the ordinary mind, with its experience of Government departments, stands appalled. Secondly, the financial objection as to the rate of interest assumed—or, in fact, any practical rate of interest that could be assumed—strikes at the very root of the whole idea. Finally, the practicability of any scheme propounded for the benefit of the workers would depend upon the views with which it is regarded by the prominent Friendly societies of the country, whose ramifications extend into every section of the community, and, as has been shown, the features of the new scheme are such as would preclude their support. For these reasons alone we fail to see any human probability of the scheme ever becoming more than it now is—a benevolent and humane conception of its well-meaning author.

FINANCE.

THE signature of the Treaty of Arbitration between this country and the United States, and the appointment of the new Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, have had scarcely any influence upon business. The City has long made up its mind that war between the United States and the British Empire would not be permitted by the great majority of the people of both countries, and, therefore, whether the Treaty is ratified by the Senate or not is regarded by it as of little practical importance, although, of course, every right-thinking man approves of the Treaty in principle. Too little is known of the new Russian Foreign Minister to enable the business community to judge what kind of policy he will favour. Meanwhile, the City is

waiting upon events. Most people feel that the Treaty of Arbitration will strengthen the hands of the peace party in Spain, and that, in fact, even the Jingoes can hardly say that the country would be dishonoured if it effected a settlement, after the example set by Great Britain in the Venezuelan question and now by the Treaty of Arbitration.

Meanwhile trade throughout the country is improving, while Stock Exchange business is dull. The two first home railway dividends have been announced, and both are regarded as disappointing. The actual receipts of the past half year showed a large increase, and yet the dividends are below expectation. In the United States, again, there has not, as yet, been the revival in business generally looked for. Those who feel disappointed are, of course, unreasonable. A great improvement ought not to have been expected in two or three months. But unreasonable or not, the city is disappointed, and the disappointment is checking business in other directions. In South Africa, though there are signs of improvement, there is no ground for expecting soon any considerable rise in prices, and that again is depressing the general market. In India the plague is, unfortunately, spreading; but, as to the famine, rain has continued to fall over wide areas, and the prospect is undoubtedly better than it was a little while ago. The Indian money market is less stringent, and there are hopes now that the country will pass through its trials without such a disaster as seemed probable a couple of months ago. In Australia rain, too, has fallen very plentifully, and we hope that at last the trials of our Australian Colonies are over, and that improvement will set in from the great depreciation that followed the banking crash nearly four years ago.

Money has been in more abundant supply during the week. The rate of discount has fallen very nearly to 3 per cent., and short loans have been readily made at from 2 to 2½ per cent. Yet there has been a feeling of uncertainty. It was thought probable that much of the gold sent to New York some months ago would now begin to return. In our opinion it will come back by-and-by, but the city is impatient, and is disappointed because shipments have not already begun. Furthermore, there is a demand for gold for Russia, and fears are entertained that more of the metal may be taken away than can well be spared. For some weeks the railway companies will be paying their dividends. The bankers acting for those companies will, of course, have to accumulate cash in order to make the distribution, and therefore there is likely to be some temporary shifting of balances from time to time. Then in February the collection of the revenue will be on a very large scale. The receipts will be locked up in the Bank of England, and possibly there may be, for a few weeks, a considerable rise in rates. In view of all this, bankers are not willing to lend freely for long periods, and, naturally, operators, knowing this, are equally careful. It need hardly be said that the shifting of balances and the accumulation of money in the Bank of England will be very temporary; but while they are going on they may cause some inconvenience. The silver market is very quiet, and the India Council, in spite of the stringency in the Indian money market, is not selling its drafts very freely. On Wednesday it offered for tender 40 lacs of rupees, and sold only about 27½ lacs. Next week it intends to offer 50 lacs. The fact that it is not selling freely and that it is in a position to offer for tender larger sums is satisfactory. It shows, in the first place, that the Treasury balances in India are larger than was supposed, and, in the second place, that the need for making remittances is not as great as most people apprehended it would be. It is to be hoped, therefore, that though there will undoubtedly be continued stringency until the end of March, there may not be any adverse consequences.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

Saturday.—Mr. Asquith's speech at Dewsbury last night will help to concentrate public attention on the two main questions with which Parliament must deal during the coming Session. So far as the Irish financial problem is concerned, the Tories are welcome to an acknowledgment of the fact that it has perplexed the leaders of the Opposition equally with Ministers themselves. It would have been strange if it had been otherwise. The conclusions of the Commissioners are so grave and far-reaching in their character that none but mere charlatans would be prepared either to accept or reject them offhand, and I know of more than one politician of the front rank who has changed his mind more than once whilst dealing with the Report of the Commissioners and the evidence on which it is based. But the more closely the question is considered—by Liberals, at all events—the stronger becomes the conviction that the one way out of the difficulty is that to which Mr. Asquith pointed last night. The English taxpayer cannot be called upon to find some millions a year in order to pay for the extravagant misgovernment of Ireland. Let the Irish government be reformed and placed on national lines, and the evil will disappear. Whether intended or not, the Report of the Financial Commissioners is a formidable weapon in the hands of the Home Rule party.

There is a good deal of talk about Baron de Courcel's interview with the Paris correspondent of the *Times* and his frank and doubtless premeditated "indiscretions" in the course of his conversation. The French Ambassador is an excellent man, universally esteemed here, and an unquestionable representative of the best side of the French character. But it will seem to most persons that he has fallen into the very error which he condemns on our side. He has looked at the question of Egypt exclusively from the French point of view. People who are behind the scenes know that we should have been out of Egypt long ago if it had not been for the blundering of French diplomatists and statesmen, and even French public men have been able to see that the recent action of the Cabinet in Paris has made it more difficult than ever for this country to fix a term for its departure from the Nile Valley. Still, there can be no harm done by responding heartily to Baron de Courcel's invitation to this country to talk over the Egyptian Question with France. Such a discussion can only bring to light the entire absence of ill-will towards France on our part.

Needless to say that the conclusion of the odious case at the Old Bailey has been on all lips during the last twenty-four hours. No one who has any knowledge of the facts feels the smallest sympathy or even pity for Lady Scott, who allowed her real character to be seen during the closing moments of the trial. A lawless woman, possessed by a spirit of unquenchable vindictiveness, absolutely without scruple or regard for the truth, she showed, even after her counsel had promised on her behalf that she would no longer publish her infamous inventions against her son-in-law, of how little value her most solemn promise was. The general opinion is that it would have been well if so dangerous a creature had been removed from social life for a much longer period than the eight months' imprisonment to which she has been sentenced. In the meantime people are wondering how the aged Lady Cardigan enjoys the description of herself in which the judge permitted himself to indulge. It is not often that one meets with judicial *obiter dicta* so scathing.

Sunday.—If Ministers mean to treat the Irish financial question in the temper which Mr. Balfour showed yesterday, they are giving the country fresh proof of their curious inability to understand their own business. From the first it has been clear

to most persons that, whether the Commissioners were right or wrong in their conclusions, it was absolutely necessary to treat those conclusions with respect, and to discuss them without any trace of partisan passion. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, seems to have gone for his inspiration to the *Times* leader-writers, and he treated his audience yesterday to a speech that was neither more nor less than a hash-up of the articles in that newspaper. Last Session closed very dismally for Mr. Balfour, so far as his reputation as a statesman was concerned. The unprecedented spectacle was witnessed of an almost general revolt against his leadership on the part of his own followers and his own organs in the press. There has been time enough for the bad impression made by his blunders last summer to pass away; but if the taste of his quality we have in this speech indicates the character of his policy during the new Session which is at hand, some remarkable developments may be expected both in the House of Commons and out of it.

Monday.—Mr. Balfour's speech is beginning to bear fruit, and it will be strange if the fruit when it is ripe will be found to the liking of his party. It is all very well to utter a robustious "No"; but when you have to withdraw your No after a brief season and say Yes instead, it does not tend to raise you in the eyes of your fellow-men. This has happened more than once already to Mr. Balfour, and it seems likely that it will happen again.

But to-day's news from Constantinople surpasses all other items in interest. If it be true that the Sultan has been bearded in the Yildiz Kiosk by the Italian Ambassador, the augury is unquestionably a happy one. The movements of the Great Powers are still mysterious; but this incident throws a gleam of hopeful light upon the future. That is more than one might have expected from Madame Novikoff's lucubration in yesterday's *Observer*.

Tuesday.—The announcement this morning that the Arbitration Treaty with the United States has actually been signed is good news—the best we have had for many a day. The *Daily Chronicle* has been fortunate enough to secure the first copy of the Treaty, which is in the main the measure that was revealed to us on the publication of the despatches some months ago. The greatest credit is due to those who have worked for the completion of this treaty on both sides of the Atlantic. In this country the feeling in favour of such an arrangement has been well-nigh universal, except among certain high and dry precisionists of the Foreign Office set. It is all the more to Lord Salisbury's credit that he should have been able on this question to break loose from the bonds of red-tape and to succeed in bringing to a successful conclusion negotiations which ought to make peace between Great Britain and the United States for ever secure.

Another little war on our hands! And as usual it seems to have been begun through that over-confidence which is our besetting sin as a nation. We may now be said to have three campaigns in prospect in Africa—to say nothing of that prospective advance upon Khartoum which the newspapers are already discussing. Is the "weary Titan" never to be allowed a moment's repose?

Wednesday.—As the meeting of Parliament approaches the interest in the question of the South African Committee revives. A few weeks ago the well-informed correspondent of a provincial newspaper gave currency to the rumour that the Committee would not be reappointed! Such a story seemed incredible, and yet it was not absolutely without foundation. At all events, a considerable number of eminent persons would not have been sorry to see the whole business shelved. And shelved it might have been if it had not been for the action of Mr. Rhodes himself. His recent defiant speeches in Cape Colony have made it absolutely impossible for Ministers to resort to the pushing-up process, even if they desired to do so. Perhaps when he lands in this country and learns what his indiscretions have cost him he will adopt a more prudent demeanour than that which distinguished him in South Africa. In the meantime the work of preparing for the sittings of the Committee is being carried on under serious difficulties. Sir Robert Meade is still laid up as the result of his unfortunate accident, whilst Mr. Fairfield remains at San Remo in a condition which makes it hopeless to look for help from him. The first and most pressing question to be decided is as to the point at which Mr. Rhodes shall be called upon to give evidence—at the beginning or the end of the inquiry. I believe that a great deal will depend upon the way in which this question is settled.

There is only one feeling—a feeling of sincere and unconcealed disgust—at the announcement that Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett has received and accepted a decoration from the Sultan. It seems incredible, and one may fairly hope that such an announcement would be incredible in the case of any other Member of Parliament. What his constituents will think of the step he has taken in thus making public proclamation of his personal respect for the Great Assassin I cannot tell. But Sheffield Toryism must have sunk low indeed if its gorge does not rise at this piece of news.

Thursday.—There is only one point that stands out clearly in connection with the appointment of Count Mouravieff as the successor of Prince Lobanoff. That is that the appointment has been decided by the Empress-Dowager. For the present she is clearly the real "power behind the throne"—if, indeed, she might not more properly be called the power on the throne—in Russia. There is good reason to believe that the young Czar, whose personal amiability and the goodness of whose intentions everybody recognises, is still practically in a state of tutelage. His lack of physical vigour and stamina, his gentleness and modesty of disposition, make him dear to all his family circle, and, at the same time, make him to a large extent plastic in the hands of those whom he loves. The young Czaritsa, even if she were strong enough to supplant his mother and the other members of the Imperial family in his political counsels, is far too wise to make the attempt. It would be an attempt disastrous both to her and to her illustrious consort. For the present, therefore, it may be taken for granted that in the struggle for supremacy, which always goes on round the person of a Russian Emperor, the Dowager-Empress is absolutely in the ascendant. But there are always secrets at the Russian Court of which the outer world knows nothing; and it would be strange, indeed, if there were no secrets of this sort at the present moment.

A dash of cold water is thrown upon popular enthusiasm over the signing of the Arbitration Treaty by the Washington news this morning. But no one who knows the American people will believe that they will allow the beneficent work which was accomplished on Monday to be undone merely to gratify the jealousy of zealous partisans in the region of domestic politics.

The correspondence between the Bishop of Chester and Cardinal Vaughan is more curious than edifying. The contrast in the tone of the two eminent correspondents is not the least significant feature of the letters published this morning, and I can hardly suppose that this contrast will strike English Churchmen pleasantly. But the bishop's effusive epistle is another indication of the difficulties Ministers have to face. I hear, by the way, that the new Education Bill is to be introduced by Mr. Balfour. If this be true, the luckless Sir John Gorst has received another snub.

Friday.—I hear a curious story about Mr. Balfour's unfortunate speech at Manchester—a speech which has caused the deepest irritation among the supporters of the Government in Ireland. It is to the effect that his colleagues believed that he did not intend to touch the subject of the Financial

Relations Commission when he addressed his constituents, and that they are greatly annoyed at what they regard as his indiscretion in seizing upon this thorny topic and handling it in this particular fashion. It really seems as though the feud over the Tory leadership with which the last Session closed is to be renewed on the earliest opportunity this year.

After the Cleveland result, it would be unpardonable if the Liberals were not to fight Walthamstow. It is to be hoped that no time will be lost in presenting a candidate to the constituency. The Liberal Whips are now in town, and they will doubtless be prepared to give the people of Essex an opportunity of showing whether they are still as deep in the abyss of Toryism as they were in 1895.

THE LICENSE OF COUNSEL.

VERY few laymen, and, we imagine, few lawyers either, who watched the unfolding of the painful tragedy which came to its inevitable issue in the Law Courts last week will fail to sympathise with the protest of the foreman of the jury against the waste of time involved by the conduct of the case. The responsibility for this waste of time, it is needless to say, lies with the defence. We do not propose to discuss the substance of the charges, now happily disposed of for ever, brought by at least one unscrupulous woman against an able and honourable man, charges which, it may be hoped, will remain a unique example of the depths to which venomous animosity can descend. But, apart from the vindication of Lord Russell, the trial raises incidental issues which cannot be so readily set aside. It is easy, of course, to dismiss as "bickerings between Bench and Bar" the animated discussions which arose so often during the progress of the case; but when one finds upon the Bench a judge of the capacity and experience of Mr. Justice Hawkins, when one finds the prosecution conducted by Sir Frank Lockwood with a mastery of tact and temper which even he has rarely shown before, it is natural to inquire if the "scenes" in which the newspaper reporters revelled may not have been due to the tactics of the defence. Nor is it possible, we think, to review those tactics without strong feelings of astonishment and regret. No one, not even the counsel for the prisoners, could have failed to know something of the previous history of this miserable dispute. From beginning to end, Lady Scott and her daughter have laboured, with every invention of malignity, to create a prejudice against Lord Russell by dark insinuations or open accusations, which in each case, when confronted with the consequences, they have either dropped or evaded or withdrawn. The shameful charge originally made against Mr. Roberts is one instance. The information sworn, but not proceeded with, at Winchester is another. The affectionate but foolish letters written by Lord Russell to his mother-in-law, and produced only to suggest reflections which even the defendants dared not put into words, are a later and a worse example. The terrible statements, unconnected with Kast's story, made on one point by Aylott, and completely dropped by the defence when the time for testing them arrived, are perhaps the worst instance of all. The counsel who undertook to defend Lady Scott were aware of all these circumstances. They were aware of the scantiness and of the worthless character of the evidence which they possessed. And yet, it appears, they did not forbid a repetition of the tactics which the accusers had followed all along; and after saying and eliciting everything which could possibly damage Lord Russell's reputation, they practically threw up their case and declined even to attempt to prove the charges which they had preferred.

We confess that it seems to us that such methods of litigation must, if countenanced or widely followed, prove gravely injurious to the credit of the English Bar. The very eminence of one at least of the counsel engaged for the defence seems to us to justify public criticism of the course pursued on behalf of the prisoners. If a man with Mr. Lawson Walton's high sense of personal honour and unblemished reputation feels himself free to adopt the tactics employed in this case, there is clearly something that needs to be inquired into and amended in the practice of the Bar. We had occasion some years ago to call attention to the conduct of Sir Edward Clarke in connection with another episode in this same miserable dispute. Now it is a man who may justly be regarded as Sir Edward Clarke's rival in reputation and capacity who takes a course which, in the interests of the public, demands consideration. Let us look, for example, at the statements made by counsel after the death of Kast—that is, after they knew that their only shred of evidence had disappeared. Both Mr. Lawson Walton and Mr. Marshall Hall, who had subjected Lord Russell to the severest cross-examination, dilated on the unblemished character of their own witnesses and of the two male defendants who were to go into the box. Mr. Marshall Hall loudly announced his intention of "challenging the cross-examination of his learned friends" on these men's "story and on their characters and careers." And then, without a word of warning, these two gentlemen suddenly turned round and announced that they would not call a single witness, would not expose anyone to cross-examination, and would not attempt to maintain any of the cruel charges which they had so freely made! We doubt if any event of recent years has so shaken the public confidence in the conduct and practice of the Bar. The course taken was, indeed, in entire agreement with the course pursued all through by Lady Scott, but the public had a right to suppose that eminent counsel would refuse to countenance such methods. We do not wonder that Sir Frank Lockwood protested against them. We do not wonder that the judge expressed a strong opinion of the impropriety of withdrawing pleas with the object of getting rid of testimony "which would be subject to cross-examination, merely for the sake of having a word or two of vindictive comment uttered at the last." But we do wonder that any barrister of Mr. Lawson Walton's standing should have thought it his duty to recommend such a course to the defence.

There is another point which calls for comment, because of the persistent endeavours made by the defendants to suggest that their case was ruined by the death of Kast. As a matter of fact, if Kast had lived and given evidence, the jury would have required some corroboration of his story, and the defendants' lawyers must have known from the beginning that there was no corroboration of it to be had. After Kast's death—that is, before the defence was opened—they knew that even that frail testimony had disappeared. We cannot help feeling that after that another appeal to prejudice was tried, and that the language of counsel conveyed the impression that the defendants were being rather hardly treated, and that the judge's ruling that Kast's statement was not admissible as evidence came upon them as a complete surprise. But the judge's ruling was only a fresh enunciation of a well-established principle of law—a principle which even Mr. Marshall Hall admitted to be "unanswerable" and "perfectly correct," and the application of which a lawyer of experience and reputation could hardly fail to have foreseen. Even more unfortunate was the refusal of the counsel for the defence to allow the case to go to an issue on the points on which, presumably, even without Kast's statements, some evidence remained. The judge suggested this. The counsel for the prosecution urged it. But Mr. Marshall Hall hastened to assert first of all that there was no power to do this; and then, when the judge pointed out a way, he refused to avail himself

of it, and apparently carried Mr. Lawson Walton with him. "If you wish to amend your plea," said Mr. Justice Hawkins, "so as to go on with the defence of these two men, it can be done; if not, I must take it that the three defendants stand convicted before me of libel for which there is no justification." But in the face of that offer, and after all that they had promised in the way of evidence, the counsel for the defence refused to put their clients in the box. For such a refusal there could be no possible reason except that neither counsel nor defendants believed in the value of the evidence which they possessed. In the face of that conduct it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the defendants did not want to have the case tried out, but only wanted an opportunity to give publicity to the cruellest charges, and to rake up every incident or rumour that could possibly injure a much-persecuted man.

As regards Lady Scott, this method of procedure was only to be expected, but the question arises whether it can be the duty of a counsel to recommend or to sanction such a course. The law very rightly allows barristers a wide discretion. In cross-examination they may ask almost anything. In stating their case they may advance any charges of which they can produce the slightest proof. But men entrusted with this wide license may be fairly required to be chary of abusing it, and not to use it to keep alive as long as possible a damning accusation for which they are aware they have not got, and for which, even when invited, they will not offer, any substantial proof. Every profession is the guardian of its own honour, and the honour of the law requires that even the vilest offenders should not be condemned without a fair defence. But surely it also requires that a barrister should state nothing for which he has not reasonable proof, and that he should check, and not lend his authority to countenance, the excesses in which an unscrupulous client might indulge. Without that sense of restraint on the part of counsel, the scandals of litigation would become intolerable. Without a strong belief on the part of the public that such honourable restraints existed, there would be an end of the general esteem commanded by the Bar.

THE EVILS OF PELAGIC SEALING.

THE Behring Sea Question has been brought again into notice during the past week by allegations that the catch of female seals is grossly and systematically understated by the masters of Canadian sealing vessels. These complaints raise again the old point in dispute between Great Britain and Canada on the one side and the United States on the other—namely, the right of American cruisers to board and examine vessels flying our flag, and suspected of having captured seals in the open sea. In support of their claim the Americans alleged that the Russians, from whom they purchased Alaska in 1867, had exercised exclusive jurisdiction in the Behring Sea, which was consequently *mare clausum*. If this claim could have been maintained, it would have justified the seizure of Canadian sealers found therein. In 1891 negotiations for arbitration were commenced, and in the following year a convention was made between the two Powers prohibiting the killing of fur-seals within the disputed area till the arbitrators should give their award. The Court met at Paris early in 1893, and in the following August published their decision, which was, on the whole, in favour of this country, and damages were awarded for the seizure—now admitted to be wrongful—of Canadian sealing vessels. Regulations were also made for the protection of the seals. None were to be captured within a distance of sixty geographical miles round the Pribyloff Islands, leased by the United States Government to the American Commercial Company; a close time was enacted, covering the usual period of the visit of the seals to these islands; the use of nets, firearms, and explosives was forbidden; only sailing vessels were to be employed, and each was to be licensed. In 1895 representations were made by the agent of the Company to the United States Embassy in London that the masters of Canadian sealing vessels were guilty of mis-statements with regard to the nature of the skins taken by them; and similar complaints are now made as to the nature of the catch in 1896. It is asserted that of the 40,000 skins brought in last year by Victorian sealers, and now in the London warehouse of the Hudson Bay Company, at least 85 per cent. are those of females, and that the American Company's agent is in possession of expert evidence to prove this. The masters of the sealing-vessels have made affidavits before the Port Collector at Victoria, British Columbia, that from 60 to 75 per cent. of the skins were those of males—in other words, that 25 to 40 per cent. of the skins were those of females.

To make the gravity of this charge clear, it may be well to refer to the method of driving and killing fur-seals practised at the Pribyloff Islands. The old males arrive at the breeding grounds some time in May, the females following a little later. These "haul up"—that is, come on shore—on the low shelving beaches, while the *holluschickie*—the "bachelors" of the sealers—land at some distance from the breeding seals, forming companies by themselves. By the terms of the lease, not only is the number that may be taken strictly limited, but the lessees are bound not to kill any females or seals under one year old. The "bachelors" are driven into "pods," or small herds, clubbed, and skinned. The pelts of old males are valueless for the market. It ought to be fairly easy to observe the terms of the lease; and though pelagic sealers assert that females are often podded with the "bachelors" and killed without scruple, this probably does not take place to any great extent. By the end of September the seals, with the young of the year, have left the breeding-grounds, going south in the wake of shoals of candle-fish and herring, and they are seen no more at the Pribyloff Islands till the following year.

It is while these animals are on migration that the pelagic sealers reap their harvest. And the practice of pelagic sealing is in itself so bad that it may be questioned if any regulations can be framed which will ensure it being carried on without damage to the breeding stock. For herein lies the great evil wrought by the men who take seals in this fashion. The animals are generally taken when they are lying asleep on the surface of the water. Except in the case of the old males it is practically impossible to discriminate the sex, so that females are often slaughtered in mistake for the marketable "bachelors." When this happens there is, in each case, a sacrifice of more than one life, so that for every female pelt which comes into the market the breeding stock is diminished by two. Matters are probably not quite so bad as they were when nets and firearms were employed, for then the loss of wounded seals was very great. Expert witnesses put it at from 50 to 75 per cent. There is plenty of evidence of this character. Mr. Baillie-Grohman, the well-known sportsman, says that it involves "considerable waste of seal-life." Mr. W. H. Elliott, one of the highest authorities on the subject, says that the Pribyloff seals have been rapidly dwindling since 1886, and in his official report to the United States Treasury he expresses his belief that nothing short of the prohibition of pelagic sealing will prevent the depopulation of the breeding-grounds and the extermination of the fur-seals. It is, of course, easy to understand why England could not accept the claim of any Power to exclusive jurisdiction over the Behring Sea; but everyone would rejoice if some satisfactory way could be found to put a stop to this terribly wasteful method of taking one of the most valuable fur-bearing animals. That prompt and vigorous action is

necessary is shown by the statements of the masters of the sealing vessels.

A GREAT ENGLISHMAN.

JUST as a woman of unchallenged beauty will, in her very security, allow herself a refinement of politeness, which is not without a grain of mischief, and formally waive all claims on ground where she is supreme, so do we find, now and again, the absolute master of a craft waiving, with the coquetry of genius, titles which are indisputable. Mr. Watts is an old coquette. He will have it, he insinuates, he puts it about, that what you must look to excuse in his work is the absence of technical cleverness. We know that absence! Degas is by way of suffering from it; and there isn't a painter living who wouldn't give his ears for half the complaint. At the risk, therefore, of contradicting Mr. Watts and the young interviewers who have grown fat on converting Mr. Watts's opinions on himself from the first to the third person singular, let us begin by establishing, once for all, that we have in him a painter of consummate mastery; and that no consideration of his work is likely to be profitable that does not make this statement the point of departure. There is evidence enough in the present exhibition at the New Gallery in Regent Street—though I do not suppose that it contains a fourth part of Mr. Watts's work—to settle this point many times over. Mr. Watts has forgotten more than most painters living ever knew. He has gone from victory to victory, till he has tired of conquest. He was an accomplished master of his craft sixty years ago; he is a living voice to-day. His masterpieces challenge the best of all time, and give a sturdy account of themselves in the encounter. Nothing more lovely was ever seen than the "Mary Augusta, Lady Holland," painted in 1843, and bequeathed by Lady Holland to the Prince of Wales. The witchery of roguish beauty that looks up from under the outlandish hat, the sweet plait of soft brown hair wandering across the pink brocade, the tender hands, are rendered with classic purity and certainty. Let that canvas alone place our Englishman with the great of all time. If in it Rubens be not unsuccessfully challenged as a painter, it has in addition a sweetness and freshness of sentiment which is peculiarly English. In the Russell Gurney, again, we may see demonstrated that here in London, and in this century, may be painted a portrait by an Englishman which is not only as good as a Tintoretto, but in every way, on the Italian's own ground, better, finer, completer. The moment this is stated you see that it is true. Yet no one quite likes to say it. And how much has been written about modern life being unpicturesque, and modern art in decadence! Of the portraits, as we have chanced to light first on them, the masterpieces here are the two I have just mentioned: the Lady Isabella Somers Cocks, the Tennyson of 1859, the Motley, the portrait of Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck and her three children (a baby that is a wonder), the Miss Violet Lindsay (in blue), the Passmore Edwards, the Burne-Jones, the portrait of the painter, the full-length Lord Campbell (standing in his Chancellor's robes on parallel feet, apart, an old man's grip of the ground, as easy in his Chancellor's robes as he would be in his dressing-gown), the Lady Somers, the Lady Garvagh, in a violet velvet dress, which is a school of painting in itself. In one or two portraits it seems to me that Mr. Watts has fallen into the fatal error of painting a woman, neither in the dress of her time, nor frankly in a costume, but in the sort of studio compromise which has the character of neither. Painters should remember that they have had no apprenticeship to the art of tailoring, and should leave it severely alone. It is notorious that no one is more unfit to meddle with the subject of dress than a painter. I shall never forget that it was Mr. Holl who must needs dog's-ear the cuffs and collar of—Mr. Chamberlain, of all men in the world! If I am found to have chosen for praise the earlier portraits, it is in no sense with the trite ungracious inclination to find deterioration in the painter's later work. It seems to me as if, after a certain date, his heart and soul went into the symbolical pictures, and that, when he returned to an occasional portrait, in the midst of his all-absorbing creations, he had lost the simpler style which had served him so well. Nor did he dwell enough, again, with portraiture to recreate for it a style, as he did for his great compositions. So the Colonel Lindsay, the Walter Crane, the Lord Hillingdon, the Miss Violet Lindsay, in the south room, the Leighton and the Meredith, the Salisbury and the Max Müller, are almost like the usual Academy picture, and prove, what historians and antiquarians will sometimes forget, that a great man has many moments when he is dangerously like everybody else. I really do not think I should be able to guess from any one of these portraits that I was in the presence of the work of a great painter.

Mr. Watts is really very naughty. He knows that it has been irrevocably settled by the modern critical authorities that pictures must have no story, and that a symbol is an abomination; and yet he continues, in contumacy, to exhibit Europa and the divine bull, and the Spirit of All the Churches. But perhaps he hasn't heard!

Wearing his technical mastery as lightly as any gentleman his gentility, he pours out on us his lavish wealth of tender fancies. In such pictures as Uldra, and Olympus on Ida, he breaks his light into its rainbow constituents, for all the world like any Impressionist. The pictures "carry." There seems a preoccupation to do with figures, perhaps, something of the same kind as Turner did with landscape, to gain an impression of lightness by a subdivision of tones. In one respect Mr. Watts seems to me to aim higher in deliberately abdicating all intrinsic brightness of colour. All his effect is got by cunning relations of tone. And he will make a dull ochre sparkle where another couldn't strike a spark from chrome. A beautiful instance of cunning relations of tone is that passage, in the picture called "The Wife of Plutus," which consists of the right hand and the jewels. The flesh of the torso is in light, but the right hand is thrown into shadow, so that the lights of the jewels, though quite low in tone, and deeply coloured, are able to sparkle with a fiery intensity. You are tricked by a beautiful artifice into the illusion that these lights are both deep in colour, and higher in tone than all the flesh. The dove "which returned not again" is a marvellous example of what Mr. Watts can do with paint. The realisation of form and colour is pushed to utter completion with the greatest fulness and richness, and yet the purest and serenest unity of illumination reigns throughout the canvas. A mild, diffused sunlight bathes the solitary thing and saturates the serene sky; and I seem to feel the air charged with relief and peace and promise—the convalescence of a drowned world. Cupid comes next, suspended like a sparrow over the water, kneeling on air, fishing for mischief in troubled waters. Here are Orpheus and Eurydice; Daphne rustling from her leaves; Paolo and Francesca, whirling, dead; Diana bending to her Endymion; Love and Death; Hope, listening; Love and poor halting Life. The cant of the day is to say that pictures should not be riddles, and the affectation is to pretend that you cannot understand anything but a rendering of a serio-comic in a hansom. No affectation can be more insincere. The people who say these things are not idiots, and really you must be an idiot not to understand the large, simple, and eminently pictorial ideas which these pictures convey. But I shall, doubtless, be answered in the words of a current classic—

"We've been to *Paris*, and we know."

ST. P.

THE DRAMA.

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN"—"A PIERROT'S LIFE."

IT is a foolish thing to quarrel with one's bread-and-butter, and if I cannot help groaning now and then over what I feel to be the peculiarly grievous hardships of the theatrical critic's business, I am, of course, well aware all the time that we are better off than road-menders or sandwich-men or rag-pickers or convicts on the treadmill. But I do not think I shall ever be reconciled to the glaring disparity of our luck and that of the reviewers of books. In the world of book-reviewing no one man is ever asked to read and adjudicate upon the whole output of the publishing season. Subjects that he knows nothing about, or that he instinctively loathes, he can leave to others of his trade, better informed on those matters or more kindly disposed towards them. But whatever happens in the playhouse your theatrical critic has to be at his post. One night it will be a Shakespearian tragedy, the next a musical farce, the next a shoddy melodrama—he is set to appraise them all. The reason, of course, is a purely commercial one. Editors cannot afford to keep a staff of reviewers for the theatres as they do for the books; the playhouses are not more than "one man's work." This, I say, is a reason; but it is no consolation. May I—without more egotism than the subject necessarily "comports"—show how the hardship works in my own case? I have for a fair number of years been a reviewer of books. And yet I have been able, with no shirking of my duties, to get off without reading a single line of a single work by Miss Marie Corelli. But the moment a novel of Miss Corelli's is transferred to the stage I am forced to become acquainted with it, to live with it for a whole evening, to try and gather together some impressions of Miss Corelli's ideas and ideals and theories of life and practice of letters. It is useless to protest that my whole soul revolts against this task; that by temperament and training I am quite incompetent for it; that anything I have to say on the subject will be altogether worthless and blindly prejudiced and hopelessly misleading—no, I am expected to go and see the thing, and may not (what in common decency ought to be my course) hold my tongue about it. . . But I must not be petulant. I must not expatiate on the sorrows of a theatrical critic but on *The Sorrows of Satan*. An adaptation of what the Shaftesbury playbill calls "the famous novel of that name" has been contrived by Messrs. Herbert Woodgate and Paul M. Berton, and produced by "The Grosvenor Theatrical Syndicate, Limited." (Talk of the public dangers of the American "trusts"! They are nothing to the menace of these theatrical "syndicates"—but see Mr. Archer's timely remarks on that subject in the current *Fortnightly*.) Let me try (I shan't succeed, but let me try) to be fair. There is an idea in this play—an idea, to be sure, absurd in itself, but not without dramatic possibilities. It is the idea of sentimentalising Satan, of presenting him in his "fallen angel" aspect, amid modern surroundings, and as given what sporting men would call a "thousand to one chance" of redemption. But it is in the way in which the chance is offered to him that I find the dramatic possibilities. Put briefly, this is the way of it. He is condemned perpetually to tempt mankind, and every human soul he wins "scores one" against him. Only when he can find someone strong enough to resist all his temptations can he mark a point in his own favour. What the theologians would think of this scheme I do not know. It seems to make Satan's "whitewashing" contingent upon causes outside his own control—upon the mere luck, in fact, of a casual encounter—and, if so, involves, I should suppose, a somewhat heterodox conception of the All-Wise. But that the notion might well lend itself to dramatic developments is, I think, clear enough. The situation of a character forced to work for success, yet hoping all the while for failure; in an agony of despair when its efforts produce their natural results, in an agony of longing when the barest chance offers itself of a contrary result—well, that *is* a "situation," at any rate. You see, of course, on what lines it would have to be worked out? The various cases of successful temptation would have to be kept in the background. They would be merely a foil to some conspicuous case of temptation, half-successful at first, then hovering between success and failure, then finally resisted—with the final scene of the tempter's apparent defeat turned to real victory. Now, will it be believed that, though this idea was lurking in the play, neither has Miss Corelli nor have her adapters made the slightest dramatic use of it? All they have succeeded in manufacturing has been an unspeakably *banal* story of a haughty daughter of an impecunious earl, "bought" in marriage by a millionaire whom she does not love, and taking poison when she has been spurned by a man to whom she had proposed—what I will take leave to bowdlerise by the word "elopement." The lady is presented as a victim at once of the slavery of her caste and of the modern disease of "self-analysis." What Miss Corelli's notions of character, of "self-analysis" are, and how she thinks these things should be expressed, you may gather from a single specimen:—

> *Lady Sybil.* So, I'm to sacrifice the impulses of my heart and to be sold to the man who's willing to buy me! Well, why not? It's the way of my world.
>
> *Geoffrey Tempest.* I wish you would not analyse yourself so pitilessly!

I fear this sort of thing is made none the less *banal* because the gentleman to whom the lady proposes elopement happens to be Satan (disguised as Prince Lucio Rimanez) in a dress-coat. Satan, by the way (which may be either Miss Corelli's idea or Mr. Lewis Waller's gloss on it), has the best tailor, the best hatter, glover, bootmaker, etc., in the company; he is Satan not only sentimentalised, but dandified. Nor, again, is this sort of thing any the less *banal* because Satan is ultimately disclosed rising skyward in full armour while somebody or other in shirt-sleeves is wrestling with the billows in a Christmas pantomime "Sea of Ice." Further specimens. Satan as moralist: "What an easy prey is man where his egoism is concerned." Satan as satirist: "Men drift into marriage as women into vice." Satan as aphorist: "The man who fancies he understands a woman betrays the first symptom of insanity." Shall I go on? . . . . No, no! I beg for mercy! Remember, I sat it all out. . . . Surely I have suffered enough?

At the Prince of Wales's they are giving afternoon performances of *A Pierrot's Life*, a pretty dumb-show play, imported—as these things always are—from France. The argument (a variant of that of *L'Enfant Prodigue*) is by M. F. Beissier, the music (good but not so good as M. Wormser's in the former play) is by M. Costa, and the Pierrot (more serious, less of a mischievous urchin than the traditional Pierrot) is by Mlle. Litini. A pantomimist from Milan, Signor Egidio Rossi, does some very clever work. Altogether a pleasant, soothing, "distinguished" little Pierrotic.

A. B. W.

ISLAND SISTERS.

A TYPICAL tropical day, the sun pouring down blinding rays and gathering up all vitality unto himself. The dark, leathery foliage of the breadfruit stands out, stiff and still; the feathers of the gold-green palm crests hang, limp and dry, over the smooth, brown cocoanuts; the ripples of the lagoon break listlessly on the rough stones of Matafele beach. Light and heat quiver everywhere in enervating monotony. Far out in the lagoon the flooding fire might be endurable; rocked in a tiny craft, sheltered by awning or umbrella, one can gaze

down on the crystal depths on a rainbow forest sheltering rainbow fish, and gain reflected coolness from the underlying calm. Here, on land, we have the miseries of the Turkish bath without its attendant luxuries, the oppression of a hothouse "stove" with no prospect of fresh air on the other side of the door. Pausing at the cross-surmounted convent gate, which opens almost on the water's edge, one wonders how even a patient, long-suffering nun can summon up nerve for a school examination when energy and vigour are oozing out at every pore of the skin.

But the placid, gentle nuns of Apia are not to be daunted by Samoan sun or Samoan climate. It is a gala day with them, and, as a general axiom, a gala day is one on which physical comfort is at a discount. The average man takes his pleasure "discomfortably" and enjoys it—in the retrospect. Your Samoan forms an exception. He takes his pleasure at all hours and seasons, under all circumstances, eagerly, joyously, energetically. It is the only form of energy he knows, and we become aware of its existence as we pass up the usually silent avenue in the convent grounds. Girls, decorously arrayed in clean, flowing prints, flit beneath the trees; boys, with the coloured lava-lava twisted about their loins, scamper at each other's heels; plump, brown mothers laugh back your smile at the pale-brown babies on their hips; dogs run in and out, barking and joining in the *mêlée;* a kaleidoscope of light and colour everywhere. Light and colour on the green in front of the schoolroom, where family groups squat on the grass, and boys rifle the tall "viniga" tree of its juicy, acid fruit. Light and colour on the broad verandah, where a tip-toeing crowd peers through the open door and windows. Light and colour in the large, packed schoolroom, the entrance to which is guarded by the most energetic "whip" it was ever my lot to shoulder. Brown and brawny, straight and stern, he handles with gusto the stick crowned with flowing fibre—or is it perchance a horse's tail?—his insignia of office. To white visitors he is courteous, in a distant fashion; but woe betide the Samoan who defies his authority and pushes into the overcrowded room. As for the boys, vigorously asserting the mischievous brotherhood of boys in every clime, they are at once his delight and despair. They climb up the branches of the trees, and from thence, with native agility, swarm in at the open windows, inviting angry words and sharp strokes to a running commentary of jibes and jeers, till the poor M.C. scarce knows whether it be pride of place or pain of place that swells his heart. But whilst the gods of the gallery are having their fun, for all the world as though they had been trained thereto amid civilised city dissipations, the dress circle, stalls and stage are very much in earnest indeed. We are confronted with one of the little theatrical displays so dear to the heart of the secluded nun, and to spectators and performers alike the occasion is a very important one.

Colour and light everywhere; never, surely, was there better *mise-en-scène* for convent display. The hot rays stream in upon Monseigneur, grave and benevolent, in his violet draperies; on the black gowns and veils of the European nuns, whose pale faces look nervously anxious under the plaited frills of their white caps; on the broad, brown countenances of their Samoan sisters, vested like themselves, but apparently with no attendant responsibility; on the merry group of lithe, dark-skinned girls squatting in a corner and dressed in a semblance of uniform, *décolleté* loose bodice over bright lava-lava—the convent crew these, who may be seen any day rowing a sober little Sister about the lagoon. And, finally, the sun rays reach the chief performers, the nervous pupils of all ages on the platform, who have to do their teachers credit and "execute themselves" to the admiration of Monseigneur and of relatives of dual race. For to-day's examination does not concern the Samoan pupil proper; it is confined to the little English-speaking half-castes who have sprung from the triumph of romance over racial prejudice; and each one knows herself to be under the observing eye of Mother's dark-skinned clan and Father's pale-faced friends. I am not aware that any Desdemona has yet arisen to reverse this position of affairs.

It is the usual programme, strangely familiar amid the quivering, tropical glow. The white-robed pupils stand beneath a blue-and-gold, flower-wreathed Virgin, and sing their little songs in the thin, tuneless voice which only parents can appreciate. There is the same shuffling, hesitating gait to receive a coveted prize, the same awkward bow to kiss the episcopal hand, the same nervous glance towards the ranks of parents and guardians; save for colour, one might fancy oneself back in a Northern clime. But the scheme of colour is altered: it ranges from brown as dark as that of the merry laughing girl-crew to skins so pale that one suspects both parents to be of British origin. On the whole, beauty is not the dominant note in this harmony in brown, the racial blend often has a happy knack of discarding the charms of either race, and such attractions as there are become disfigured by the semi-European costume generally adopted.

But the hour of probation and awkwardness is soon over, and the riotous fun begins. A red curtain is drawn aside, and a throng of romping, laughing little folks introduce us to the dangers and rescue of Red Riding Hood. Speaking personally, a Samoan legend would have been more refreshing, but the audience think otherwise: peals of laughter greet the little ones as they run to and fro, singing and tripping over their sashes. Any excuse is good enough for a volley of laughter; a trip, a halt, a torn ribbon, and the easy-going merriment makes one long to transport an entire pantomime troupe to the islands and watch the effect produced by harlequin and pantaloon. The little performers do their part as born actors; we have buttercups, bluebells, roses, robins, all the things the Samoan child has never seen but can none the less delight in, with a genuine old wolf thrown in—a wolf who stumbles about and makes very merry over poor Red Riding Hood, who, in her scarlet headgear, seems to have got astray from her natural nursery surroundings.

It is over safely at last, rescue and all, and "God save the Queen" falls on our startled ears—a conventional tribute to the patriotism of the male parent. Then there is a general rush for the door and a general sense of relief, for the atmosphere might be graphically described as "faint." A Samoan crowd represents not the "unwashed" but the "much-oiled"; and a judicious mixture of cocoanut oil, human effluvia, and hot air is as good a recipe for producing nausea as can well be devised. None the less must courtesies be remembered; so I make my way, amid a buzzing of English, German, and Samoan congratulation, to where, beside the pupils' exhibition of handiwork, stands the fragile Mother Superior, so young, so retiring, that I long to lay a caressing hand on her shoulder and address her as "daughter."

"No," she says gravely, shaking the stiff frills of her cap as I compliment her on results; "oh, no; they don't like hand-sewing at all—no tacking, no neatness, no pride in their work. What they like is to rush at their sewing-machine and run up things anyhow." And the gentle nun sighs as she thinks of her own native Luxembourg, where sewing of all kinds is perfect in its daintiness. Then suddenly she brightens up, with ready excuses for her lazy little charges.

"*Que voulez-vous?* Things last such a short time in this climate, it hardly seems worth while to take pains making them; and then the heat, the needles——" and she breaks off with a laugh. And I sympathise; for I, too, have tried hand-sewing "in this climate," only to discover that a moist needle which rusts as you use it lacks magnetic attraction.

Outside again, leaving the black-robed Sisters to the well-earned peace and rest of their long vacation. Next week will be their "retreat," when the fourteen members of their order in Samoa will gather together and, amid their religious exercises, talk of those far-away homes from which most of them have accepted life-long banishment. In the convent alley the shifting kaleidoscope is rioting and leaping and shouting its way down to the gate. Proud parents are noisily comparing notes, proud pupils are noisily comparing prizes, and the Babel of voices, the fluttering draperies, emerge at last opposite the regiment of canoes that beach under conventual protection, claiming sympathy from an institution which piques itself on the excellence of its vigorous female crew.

Colour and light everywhere. But the one fades and the other fails as the evening breeze ruffles the lagoon with promise of a cool night. The declining sun is already casting a pink-gold glow on the far-off coral reef; the gold-green palm-trees will soon turn grey-green, the hill-tops be outlined in purple shadow, and the sudden tropical darkness fall upon the glittering, sensuous scene. Far ahead we spy Monseigneur's violet robes wending towards the Cathedral, while close on his heels jogs the flowing pink dress of a Samoan *élégante*. The curtain has fallen on to-day's mimic boards; in exchange we have Nature's glitter and glow and spangles, and she seems permanently to have set her stage for comic opera or burlesque. Unconsciously one watches for the Moorish princess rescued from pirates, or the fairy queen twirling among her ballerinas; they would be all in keeping with the atmospheric colouring, with the brown skins and gay wreaths and odorous necklaces that flit past, with the languorous sensuousness that steals into the veins, the dreamy feeling of unreality that falls upon the brain. But on the stage of life comedy and burlesque seldom hold the boards for a long run. It is but yesterday that Tragedy walked them in this luscious Samoa; she may walk them again to-morrow. And in the train of Tragedy ever come the priest, the nun, and the child—authority, self-abnegation, latent force.

A. R. Rose-Soley.

Siufanga, Navigator Islands.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"OUR CURATES."

Sir,—Has not your correspondent, "A Rector's Son," rather overlooked the primary function of a curate, or, indeed, any other minister of religion who is sincere in his profession and desires to fulfil the object for which it exists? Of course, the parson, like the soldier, or the lawyer, or the banker, will probably be none the less efficient in his own business for having some interest outside of it; all the more that he, above all others, is called upon, like St. Paul, to be all things to all men, *ut omnes faciat salvos*. For this, after all, and nothing else, is his business. But there comes in that famous saying, *Non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum fieri populum suum*; and we may surely add, *neque in scientia naturali, neque in literis humanioribus*. I have known as many curates as most laymen, and have found them to be for the most part "single men in *lodgings*, most remarkable like you," somewhat more restrained in speech, somewhat less self-indulgent in life than you or I, perhaps, were at their age. Some were athletes, some were naturalists, some were scholars, some were theologians, though for obvious reasons these two latter classes are more often found in seats of learning than in parishes urban or rural. Again, some were eloquent, some much the reverse. Some have risen to great eminence, some have remained obscure. But all those whom one felt to be good *quâ* curates bore in mind that *omnes salvos facere* was their business. Interpret *salvos* how we will, eliminate all transcendental idea from the word, take it to mean merely "wholesome members of society"—will "A Rector's Son" contend that a man who knows his Bible (a member of the Church of England would add "and his Prayer-book") is not equipped with all the necessary instructions for performing that business, though he have never read a line of Emerson, Carlyle, Stevenson, or Miss Corelli?—Yours faithfully,

A Vicar's Son.

Sir,—When one resents an insult, one is apt to appear discourteous to the person who offered it; therefore, if it pleases "Rector's Son," the anonymous detractor of his father's profession, I am willing to be considered discourteous by him. But I really cannot pass by his extraordinary statement that the clergy regard journalism as "a mystic chamber of horrors." If his idea has any objective source, one would be interested to know of it. Meanwhile, any of your readers who have clerical acquaintances will probably bear me out in saying that if there is one profession more given than others to newspaper-reading it is the clerical profession, and you, Sir, will I expect corroborate me if I assert that "copy" from clergymen is not altogether a rarity in the editor's box, though it may be—I hope it is—in the editor's waste-paper basket.

As to the library of your correspondent's curate-friend, it was not likely to be more interesting to a newspaper editor than a statesman's collection of Blue Books would be to me. But I should be sorry to declare that the reading of Blue Books indicated any bad quality. A man naturally seeks to possess the tools of his own craft. He does not care to keep the tools of others. But, if he is wise, he does not assert that these latter are useless.

As to the tastes of average congregations in regard to sermons, I have had some eight years' experience of pulpit work, and perhaps I may, therefore, be pardoned if I claim to know as much about the subject as one who never preaches at all, or only—shall I say?—in your columns. I need no assurance that Anglican congregations are "not wholly unintellectual." I am well aware that a preacher who reads and thinks will be appreciated by a certain number of people in most congregations. But that certain number is a small number. The majority of people come to church for reasons unconnected with the sermon, many as a kind of return for the parson's call. Of course, there are well-filled churches where the preacher is thoughtful and studious, but I could name quite as many where he is not, and does not pretend to be, either the one or the other—a circumstance which makes me very sceptical as to the asserted causal relation between culture in the pulpit and crowds in the pews. Moreover, are the "popular preachers" of the day men who would have satisfied the taste of, say, Matthew Arnold?

If my last letter was so fatal to my cause, surely it was a tactical error on your correspondent's part to represent me as saying the reverse of what I did say. My assertion that "of those who have read Emerson, Carlyle, and perhaps even Stevenson" (your correspondent's chosen champions of culture), "there are not a few who prefer St. Paul, St. Luke, and St. John," appears in your correspondent's letter as "his apparent idea that St. Paul and St. John are not authors appreciated by intellectual people"! It appears to be necessary that I should assure "Rector's Son" that I have sufficient knowledge of, and respect for, Board School teachers to understand that they would be the first to disclaim the notion that they could put the London clergy in touch with "modern intellectual culture." But I must leave alone such of his statements as appear to be drawn from the brief "No case: abuse plaintiff's attorney."

Thanking you, Sir, for your hospitality, which I will not abuse by writing again, I remain your obedient servant,

Reginald J. Fletcher.

DAWN.

MY bare feet pass through the drooping grass which, pining, sickens and longs for dew.
Through the shadowy lines of the dim dark pines and the trailing branches of sombre yew
A whisper passes, as though they knew I had entered Night's secret place.
Through the dusky sheaves and the chestnut leaves the murmur quickens and grows apace;
And the first bird wakes in the ash-tree copse
And, note by note, its music drops
Down from the height of their slender tops
Ere the veil has fall'n from my face.

In Sleep's dim bowers the dazzled hours fold their pinions before their eyes
As they see my light on the edge of night slowly flit thro' the eastern skies;
The world grows wan and the low winds rise, and the sailor sees my star,
While the Pleiads fail and the heavy Whale shrinks and lessens and dies afar;
And the treacherous sea-rocks looming stand
Like great grey ghosts on the rim of sand
By a lonely islet, far from land,
Across the surf-strewn bar.

On the high steep wold the dreaming fold stir in
their slumber ere I am gone;
The faint bell shakes, and the shepherd wakes and
stares at the shadows my wings have thrown;
The broad light spreads on the heathery down
and the flowers unclose as I pass;
In the dark still woods the lime-tree buds scatter
their sweets on the nestling grass;
And starry blossoms that all night steep
Their delicate petals in odorous sleep
Are waked with a touch as my white robes sweep
Through the purple petunias.

On the twilight way 'twixt night and day my
spirit lingers, but may not wait;
The drifting cloud is my pearly shroud under the
porch of the western gate.
My course is swifter than Love or Fate, it is brief
as man's desire;
With wings unfurled I drop from the world as
an eagle sinks to her mountain eyre;
But the breath of my being on land and sea
Binds earth and heaven, and ere I flee,
I kindle the torch of the day to be,
And the east breaks forth in fire.

MAUD WALPOLE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

GEORGE HERBERT AND HENRY VAUGHAN.

MESSRS. LAWRENCE & BULLEN'S "Muses' Library" began well, and seems positively to improve as it unfolds its graceful length. I shall assume (as I think we may, by this time) that the name of Mr. E. K. Chambers is guarantee for good and accurate work: for I am writing in the country, at some distance from my own stock of books, and have no means of checking his references. But his short biography and notes on the poems of Henry Vaughan, *Silurist*—if internal evidence count for anything—are cautious and scholarly, and Mr. H. C. Beeching contributes a critical Introduction full of spirit and not lacking in sly humour.

In particular Mr. Beeching tilts very neatly at the old question of Vaughan's indebtedness to Herbert, and their comparative merits: for, of course, he had to take note of the controversy, even though fashion constrained him to a pretty assumption of unwillingness to take sides. For my part I enjoy these comparisons, and believe the modern trick of deriding them to be more than a little foolish. "Why not enjoy your Vaughan without reference to Herbert? your Byron without reference to Wordsworth? Why to exalt Thackeray depress Dickens? Cannot you praise Newman unless you do it at Carlyle's expense? Surely Tennyson and Browning are neither contradictories nor contraries." The answer to this is that a critic's first duty consists in discriminating, and in practice the antithesis of two concrete examples is handier for the critic, and more instructive to the reader, than the opposing of a concrete beauty to an imaginary defect. Criticism, once more, is not a science, but an art, with rules for practice: and the old Plutarchan method, though primitive, had the root of the matter in it because it recognised this.

I venture to say not only that Vaughan owes some of his merits and a decent proportion of his defects to the fact that Herbert wrote before him, but that we shall be better able to appraise those merits and defects at their own value after bringing him to the test of a rigorous comparison with Herbert. And critics have recognised this—have tacitly admitted it at least—ever since they began to take an interest in Vaughan; which, by the way, has not been always. He was never popular, says Mr. Beeching. While 20,000 copies of "The Temple" were sold in a few years, "Silex Scintillans" fell still-born from the press.

Interest being once awakened, the controversy began. "Just as in mediæval times there raged a feud between the Vaughans and Herberts, no less bitter and unassuageable than that between the Montagues and Capulets, so in these days of revived interest in Vaughan, a sharp warfare has been waged round these same two standards in the field of religious poetry. Mr. Lyte, who opens the campaign, confines himself to this modest comparison: "Preserving all the piety of George Herbert, they have less of his quaint and fantastic turns, with a much larger infusion of poetic feeling and expression." Archbishop Trench follows on the same side: "As a divine, Vaughan may be inferior, but as a poet he is certainly superior to Herbert." On the other side, George Macdonald, in "England's Antiphon," retorts: "Vaughan's art is not comparable to that of Herbert; hence Herbert remains the master"—a judgment that makes Dr. Grosart very indignant. I have not his edition (four vols., "Fuller Worthies' Library") to refer to: but, according to Mr. Beeching, the learned Doctor goes so far as to say, "Summarily I deny that Henry Vaughan was an imitator of George Herbert . . . . I limit Vaughan's debt to Herbert almost wholly to spiritual quickening and the gift of gracious feeling; more than that is profoundly exaggerate"—a pronouncement which, with all respect for Dr. Grosart, I must be content to deem merely amazing.

Messrs. Beeching and Chambers, indeed, are able to upset the Doctor by the simple process of quoting parallel passages: by setting, for instance, this from Herbert's "Agonie"—

"Love is that liquor sweet and most divine
Which my Good feels as blood, but I as wine . . ."

against this from Vaughan's "Passion"—

"Most blessed Vine
Whose juice so good
I feel as wine,
But thy fair branches felt as blood";

by opposing this, of Vaughan—

"Rain gently spends his honey drops"

against this, of Herbert—

"Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend
Your honey drops."

And so forth. One such coincidence—two such coincidences—might not mean very much. Few scholarly poets can escape the trap of unconscious reminiscence; it would be dull-witted in the extreme, for instance, to accuse Coleridge of theft because a single passage in "France. An Ode"—

"When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp . . ."

is a clear echo of Milton's

"Insupportably his foot advancing."

But as the coincidences accumulate, I bethink me of a charge which I once heard delivered to a jury by the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. "Against the prisoner's plea that in passing off five spurious half-crowns upon five different people in the space of one afternoon he was the unconscious victim of chance, I must warn you that the laws of chance, in so far as they have been discovered by mathematics, hardly allow it scope for such peculiar malignance." To talk of theft in Vaughan's case, would be absurd: the etiquette of letters has changed since his day. But it is hardly less absurd—unless you succeed in proving that the dates are all wrong, and that he wrote *before* Herbert—to deny that he borrows consciously and not quite seldom.

But even did none of these verbal similarities exist, I cannot see how any reader could limit Vaughan's obligations "almost wholly to spiritual quickening and the gift of gracious feeling." It was the literary form—the form of which Herbert was master—that Vaughan pursued. He did not always catch it; it had perhaps been better for him had

he never tried, though of this I am not so sure. Says Mr. Beeching, "It (the controversy over the merits of the two) is really subsumed under that larger controversy between Rhetoric and Imagination, which in the world of poetry represents the everlasting conflict between Matter and Form, which gives birth to Art; each in the struggle winning from the other some qualities necessary to existence, or, if it fail, perishing, on the one hand through shapelessness, on the other through imbecility. When we have said, therefore, that Herbert has a greater share of the form of poetry, and Vaughan of the matter, it does not seem worth while raising the further question, which is the greater poet."

No impartial mind can doubt that Vaughan had the loftier imagination. For *loftiness* Herbert has no other substitute than involved conceit. Numbers such as The Retreat (which gave Wordsworth the inspiration of his famous Ode on the Intimations of Immortality in Childhood) or the yet more famous "They are all gone into the World of Light" were not so much beyond Herbert's art as beyond his conception.

> "Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
> Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
> What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
> Could man outlook that mark!"

So much Herbert might conceivably have written, at his highest. But nobody will contend that he could have imagined the transcendent stanza that follows it—

> "He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
> At first sight, if the bird be flown;
> But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
> That is to him unknown.
>
> And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
> Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
> So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
> And into glory peep."

Vaughan has such "strange thoughts"; he "peeped into Glory." Herbert, on the other hand, though never far removed from the temptation to be verbally ingenious, is at his best when quite homely in feeling (not in illustration), when quite direct, even quite obvious. I would instance "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright." Was it not spoilt by the conceit of "seasoned timber" in its last stanza? Otherwise it is perfect in style and perfectly simple and obvious in thought. But to my thinking his one entirely perfect poem is "Love bade me welcome." Examine this, or the opening lines upon Easter, "I brought me flowers to strew Thy way," and I think you will discover the secret of his strength. But if Herbert, with his level imagination and his original sense of style, could only once or twice attain to perfect expression, can we wonder that Vaughan with his loftier reach, and a borrowed style unsuited to loftiness, seldom grasped perfection and held it beyond a single line or stanza? He was the finer thinker of the two, and the poorer artist.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE INCARNATION.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION. By Robert L. Ottley, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College and Principal of Pusey House, Oxford. In 2 vols. London: Methuen.

MR. OTTLEY'S book is a sign of the extraordinary fascination which the higher mysteries of the Christian faith have for thought. The measure of credibility is not the degree in which a doctrine can accommodate itself to the logical and conventional understanding, but the degree in which it can quicken the spirit, occupy and expand the whole moral and rational life. What is on a level with the mere intellect will never appeal to the reason or exercise the higher qualities of the mind. A religion without mystery would be out of place in a universe where all being is mysterious; but mysteries of faith do not repress or rebuke thought, they evoke it and provoke it to higher endeavours. In ages, indeed, of rampant rationalism attempts have been made to make religion reasonable by evaporating, as it were, all its transcendental contents, but a religion which lives wholly inside the mere understanding will have no control over the whole of the life. There is nothing more foolish than the idea that you have only by logical analysis to prove a doctrine inconsistent with some conventional and ephemeral category in order to make it incredible, or to end its power over the minds of reasonable men. It is certain that mysteries that have lived for centuries amid searching criticism must have some secret of life in them which logical analysis has not been able to discover or disclose. Now the Incarnation is essentially one of the doctrines whose life is invincible by formal logic because so essential to religion. This does not mean that it is either irrational or anti-rational. It means that it has a reason which the speculative mind may feel as intensely as the reverent and susceptible heart, and which epitomises or impersonates the truths that men in their highest moments feel after if they do not conceive. For in its essence, the question as to the relation of the divine and the human natures in a single person is one with the question as to the relation of the creative intelligence to created intelligences. The being of the divine nature within the human person summarises and makes concrete to faith the very problem which thought finds insoluble when it speculates as to how the infinite lives in and acts through a finite universe.

But besides this general fascination due to its being the mystery which is the epitome of all the mysteries of being, the Incarnation has other and subsidiary attractions for thought. It is very remarkable how specific Churches, or specific sections of the same Church, or specific periods in its history, show affinities for one doctrine rather than another. Luther made Justification by Faith the article of a standing or falling church; the Evangelical Revival made at first the idea of the Second Birth, later the idea of Atonement, the article of a living as distinguished from a dead Christianity. The Lutheran Church, especially in its immediately post-Lutheran period, made the Incarnation its cardinal doctrine, and for almost exactly similar reasons the Anglican section of the English Church at this moment seeks to do the same. But even as to the Incarnation the secret of its attractions for thought may be of two very different kinds—either speculative and mystical or sensuous and sacerdotal. Mysticism has always loved the Incarnation; so has the system we are accustomed to call Sacramental; but they love it for different reasons, and find in it almost entirely opposite, if not opposed, elements and ideas. Mysticism is speculative, has a distaste for sensuous conditions of worship, dislikes the limitations of personal being, and yearns towards absorption into the divine. For it the Incarnation embodies at once its method and its goal; exhibits the divine and human natures united in a person, and shows how, by complete surrender of the human will to the divine, the divine may become all in all. Its aspiration is the loss of self in God, a love of the divine will that completely vanquishes self-will, and tends towards such an assimilation to the Godlike as shall enable the human person to overpass the limit of individual existence and be drawn into the light or absorbed into the glory of the Eternal. In order to do this, mysticism cultivates spiritual meditation or affection, and seeks by contemplation of God to grow God-like.

At its root, therefore, mysticism is concerned

with the relation of the divine and human natures, and is anxious to end the inter-independence and, as it were, antagonism of the two by the method that has most promise of final completeness. Sacramental thought, on the other hand, starts from the material side of the Incarnation. It dwells upon the idea that "the Word became Flesh," and forgets that when the Apostle used the term "Flesh" what it meant to him was not the material or physical constituent of humanity, but, according to the Hebraic usage which he so loved, humanity as a whole. It dwells upon the notion of body as if it were the very essence of the matter, when it is, in the philosophical sense, only one of the accidents. In other words, it does not sufficiently emphasise the ethical or spiritual, but regards human nature as a thing of form and place, sense and institution. Hence it seeks to bind to the person so conceived those institutional forms of religion which it has selected as of its essence, and which it desires, as it were, to glorify and transfigure. It was from this point that the Lutheran approached it when he endeavoured to find some theory of the ubiquity and, as we may say, infinite divisibility of the body of Christ, which would justify his notion of consubstantiation; and from the same side some theologians whose names are not unknown among ourselves have also proceeded. But whatever may be the fundamental basis, the discussion which helps us to understand the history and the meaning of the Incarnation is always welcome, and we feel specially grateful to the English divines who have of late, from various points of view, been inviting us to the discussion of this great subject. They are helping us to understand the Faith by which the Church has lived, even though it be a faith she may not always have understood.

Mr. Ottley's work is, within its limits, excellent. It is a book more intended for students than for theologians. It has been written for men going in for the Oxford Schools, and such men it is well calculated to instruct and inform. It is fair-minded, painstaking, quite explicit as regards its author's own views, very kind to those whose views are not his, scrupulously careful in the statement of their positions as well as of his own. It would be too much to say that it is based on first-hand knowledge or on a fresh study of the sources. There is, indeed, nothing new in the book; but there is fairness of mind, fineness of feeling, caution of statement, reverence of thought. The authorities used are good, though they are seldom original; they are used with a discrimination and with a conscientiousness of reference which will be helpful to the student. The book has, indeed, the defects of its qualities. We could have wished a much more independent and critical discussion of what is termed the "Witness of the Old Testament." It runs too much along the lines of the pre-critical method. What criticism has done and is doing for the Old Testament, Mr. Ottley manifestly knows, but he has not yet realised its significance for Old Testament theology and the method in which it is now necessary to present it. It is, unfortunately, still possible to speak as regards certain dogmas like those of the Incarnation and Sin as if the old beliefs as to the Pentateuch and the succession of the Sacred books still survived, even while on the literary side one's assent has been given to critical conclusions. We do not know, too, in what sense the Prophets and Psalmist can be named types of the Messiah. It was the wholesome rule in the school in which this writer was brought up, to avoid making persons types, for they signify as much of evil and failure as of good and grace. We should differ also considerably from Mr. Ottley in his reading of the earlier Heresies. Gnosticism has a meaning which we do not think he has yet quite reached. He has not done justice to the ethical spirit that was the real basis and motive of its dualism —its desire to keep God, as it were, apart from matter in order that He might be apart from sin. Nor do we think he has done justice to the many respects in which it anticipated later determinations of doctrine and its contributions to theological nomenclature. We do not know why he should so often refer to tradition when what he manifestly means is Scripture; why he should speak of what was fluid and uncertain when what he means is what was written and fixed. We feel also that there is a want of discrimination in his treatment of writers like Ignatius, Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Irenæus; while justice has hardly been done to the transcendent services and genius of Origen. We feel, too, that he has not clearly enough kept in view the different streams of thought in the development of the doctrine and the influence they exercised on it; the more intellectual and philosophic influences incorporated in a word like "λόγος"; the more ethical and religious embedded in a word like "Son"; and the distinctions in presenting the doctrine which were due to one or other of these terms being the more prominent in the theologian's mind. We also greatly desiderate an ampler discussion of Augustine and the new elements he introduced into the discussion both as regards Trinity and Incarnation—the one through his attempt to interpret the doctrine in the category of mind rather than of substance; the other through his attempt to bring the person of Christ into more organic relations with the race of man. We feel these defects most of all in the later chapters where the want of familiarity with Lutheran and Reformed theology is very apparent. The affinities of Hooker and Calvin both as regards the Incarnation and Sacraments are more numerous and intimate than Mr. Ottley seems to think. The differences of Zwingli and Calvin were too great to allow them in any real sense to be bracketed together. We regret that the history breaks off where it does, for some of the most interesting chapters in the history of the doctrine, including some of the aspects most potent in Mr. Ottley's own mind, belong to a later period and to other schools of theology than he has here discussed.

But when all these deductions have been made we wish to say that for its purpose this is an admirable book, certain to be helpful to the young student, and while it may introduce him to no fresh point of view, it will yet furnish his mind in the way loved of the careful, patient, conscientious tutor, who desires to initiate his scholar into the knowledge of the subject he has undertaken to teach without creating doubt or starting too many intellectual difficulties.

LORD BLACHFORD'S LETTERS.

LETTERS OF FREDERIC, LORD BLACHFORD, UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, 1860-1871. By George Eden Marindia. London: John Murray.

FREDERIC ROGERS was at Eton with Mr. Gladstone, and a Fellow of Oriel, when the common-room of that brave little college set itself to the heroic task of mediævalising England, without exactly knowing what it meant by mediævalism. He was the intimate friend and constant correspondent of Newman and Church; and though, as it would seem to us, he was constitutionally "high and dry" rather than in real sympathy with sacramentalism, he was just sympathetic enough not to be repelled by the Oxford Movement. In it, and yet not of it, his testimony is critical enough to be of value. From Oxford he went to London, was called to the Bar, wrote for the *Times*, and seems even to have been offered the editorship. The man who refuses the editorship of the *Times* before he is thirty is doomed to accept a peerage with gratitude before he is seventy, and Frederic Rogers died, with some satisfaction, as Baron Blachford. He had in the meantime served the public and earned a pension as Registrar of

Joint-Stock Companies, Commissioner of Emigration, and Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office. He was all his life in close contact with interesting people, was a capital letter-writer, endowed with the leisure which is the incident of a regular salary and a well-ordered life, and his friends were most of them men who kept their friends' letters. Hence the book, which Mr. Marindin has put together with exemplary discretion, without being exciting, is sufficiently entertaining to be recommended as excellent reading for a Sunday afternoon. But, to be quite frank, we part from it wondering how Newman could have described Frederic Rogers as "the most gifted, the most talented, and of the most wonderful grasp of mind" of all his friends, especially when we remember that Mr. Gladstone was among his friends. To us he seems to have been an industrious, equable, intelligent, but essentially commonplace person, with a clear judgment on matters within the range of his own experience, but almost strikingly lacking in the imagination necessary to make him understand the English masses, the religious and social ideas of Irishmen and other foreigners, and everything else that he did not grow up among. We cannot conceal our belief that he was not entitled to much credit for his work at the Colonial Office, and that Lord Grey was perfectly right in telling him he did not possess "peculiar aptitude for dealing with vast masses of business." He was Emigration Commissioner from 1844 onwards, when emigration was at its height owing to the Irish famine and the subsequent gold discoveries in Australia. It was therefore his business, as he tells us, "to check all the abuses which went on in private passenger ships, particularly such as carried Irish emigrants—and fever with them—to America." It is unnecessary to recall how unsatisfactorily this work was done. The Government conspicuously failed both in regulating the ships and in giving the emigrants such advice and assistance as might enable them to make a decent start in the new country. We confess that we could not read without some indignation that during this period the gentleman who was paid by the country to superintend emigration "devoted much of his leisure time to the serious work of starting the *Guardian*, in conjunction with a few of his most intimate Oxford friends." This was surely—to put it mildly—carrying the ten-to-four notion of official duty to the verge of inhumanity. Nor can we discover that in his more important sphere as Permanent Chief of the Colonial Office, he ever rose to a real conception of the importance of his position. "I have always believed," he wrote, "and the belief has so confirmed and consolidated itself that I can hardly realise the possibility of anyone seriously thinking the contrary—that the destiny of our colonies is independence." Thus he never realised the possibility of that wider view of Imperial greatness, which Lord Rosebery shares with Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Charles Tupper with Mr. Laurier. The Imperial feeling grew up in spite of the Colonial Office, but it will take a long time to recover from the many blunders for which Rogers must have his share of responsibility. It is almost pitiable to read that the subject which mainly interested him during his long tenure of office was the status of the Anglican sect in the Colonies. Less than one-tenth of the "Britons beyond sea," less than one-fourth of those in our own Colonies, belong to the Anglican Church; and even though Rogers took the right line in trying to secure autonomy for Colonial Anglicans, we cannot so much remember this service as marvel at the want of imagination which made him fancy it of supreme importance.

In spite of Lord Blachford's deficiencies, there are many good things in the letters, and he has a certain frankness which covers many sins. It is amusing to find him in 1838 speaking of reviewing "a couple of small volumes of poems by two Cambridge men called Trench and Milnes." The future Lord Houghton had taken his M.A. seven years before, and was already in Parliament; but Oxford don are always a little patronising towards "Cambridge men." He meets a French priest in Rouen in 1839, and is surprised to find that "his sympathies are entirely, at present, with individuals, not with our Church." And so it must always be. In 1840 he had an interesting interview with Manzoni, who told him and Hope: "You are not like Protestants, who deny that they have a Mother. You are only bewildered, and do not know who your Mother is." In Rome he met Waterton, the naturalist, who told him a good story. While Waterton was busy praying in the Jesuits' church, some ragamuffin exchanged hats. "On complaining to a Jesuit friend, all the consolation he got was the observation that he had only fulfilled one-half of the Divine precept—'Watch and pray.' I will venture to say the Jesuit himself never fell into a similar omission." There is an excellent account of a bit of sparring between the notorious O'Flaherty and Lord Clarendon in 1853, when O'Flaherty told him how Ireland should be conciliated by paying the priests. The picture of the Whig statesman only thinking of Ireland as a place whence votes come is, we fear, as significant as that of the corrupt place-hunter, and Rogers is all the better witness because his point of view was the same as Lord Clarendon's. He tells Church in 1854: "People seem to me in an odd state about the war, perhaps because I am so myself. Nobody has any genuine enthusiasm about it, but a discontented cry of 'I suppose we must' caused by a factitious indignation against Russia." There is a good story of Lord Melbourne and Lord Grey (then Howick) at p. 233. Grey was objecting to a draft despatch. Melbourne pushed a piece of paper to him, and said, "Well, then, in God's name try your own hand upon it." Grey tried, and failed to satisfy himself. "Ah! I thought so," said Melbourne; "you see now, when you have nobody to contradict but yourself, you are done."

We have at p. 249 Ward's account of Cardinal Cullen's opposition to Newman's efforts to found something better than a mere seminary in Dublin. When the history of Catholicism in Ireland during the last half-century comes to be truly written, it will be found that the narrowness of ecclesiastics of the Cullen school has done nearly as much as landlordism to prevent the social progress of the people; alike in repulsing Newman's efforts to do something for humane learning without State assistance, and in rejecting Mr. Gladstone's offer of 1873, the Irish bishops showed a very singular incapacity. If there were as many educated Catholic laymen in Ireland as in South Germany, Home Rule would have been won long ago. Rogers had an honest antipathy to Disraeli (who lay quite outside his range), and gives an amusing picture of Mrs. Disraeli, "who insists on being heard, and rather thinks herself the life of the party." Forster he could appreciate. "He certainly has a great, grim allowance of an adversary's merits which is amusing"—but how came he to write on the same page of "Bright's ungentlemanliness"? Bright had merely said that if the Lords did not pass the Irish Church Bill people might be led to inquire what was the special value of the Lords as part of the Constitution. The man who could think such an obvious reflection ungentlemanly had very obvious limitations. In 1870 his friendship with Lord Granville gave him the opportunity of hearing much diplomatic gossip, how Bismarck spoke of England as "an old red rag," and how the Empress admitted that it was she who was too warlike, not the Emperor. As a member of the House of Lords he tried to be as Gladstonian as he could; but his invincible objection to everything Irish was his chief political idea. In this he never wavered. 1880: "What a set of messes are afloat! Turks, Afghans, Basutos, and Irishmen." 1881: "What a set those Irish are!" Objects to "Chamberlain, and to dictating the policy

of coquetry." 1882: "I feel almost hopeless, particularly because Gladstone seems incapable of really taking up the idea that the Parnells and the Dillons and the Anna Parnells have to be treated as irreconcilable." 1885, of Lord Carnarvon, "A pitiful attempt to humour the Irish leaders seems all that anybody now runs to, as if you could out-blarney an Irishman!" He died a Liberal-Unionist, yet wishing that there were no Unionists in Ireland, so that he could feel justified in allowing separation. In fact he was, in Irish as in colonial matters, essentially of that narrow type in which Separatists are modelled. But he was a good letter-writer, and we can recommend people to read his letters.

IN MAGYAR SOCIETY.

A Girl's Wanderings in Hungary. By H. Ellen Browning. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

No country in the world is at present more full of varied interest than Hungary, whether the spectator is interested in social and economic problems or is merely in search of the picturesque. An Oriental land, rapidly becoming as industrial and progressive as the American West: a Roman Catholic land where the Liberal laity has just effectually defeated the priesthood: a congeries of conflicting religions and races, some of them in process of amalgamation, others likely to remain separate and to draw the State in three or four different directions at once whenever the tension on the bonds of the Dual Monarchy approaches the breaking strain; it at once tempts the foreign observer to prophesy, and baffles him in his attempt. If some skilled English publicist would go and live in the country and write a book on it of the calibre of Sir Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia," or, better still, of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," he would assuredly have an ample reward. Failing this, we must put up with Mr. A. J. Patterson's standard work—excellent of its kind, but now rather out of date—and fill in picturesque details from such books as the pleasant little volume before us.

Miss Browning does not profess to be a publicist or a highly-skilled observer, in spite of the "stiff university examination" which she passed with considerable credit, and the strain of which appears to have been one of the causes contributory to her temporary expatriation. But she is—judging by her book—a bright English girl, with an unfailing fund of good spirits, and with that power which none but English girls possess of adapting herself to her surroundings, and "roughing it" amid dirt, malaria, armies of fleas, and generally unfamiliar modes of life. She started to escape from ill-health and nervous depression, but it soon vanished, and if she was ever homesick there is no trace of the fact in her book. She was particularly fortunate in her introductions—though we do not think one of the families that showed her hospitality would quite relish her description of them as *nouveaux riches*—she was evidently a very pleasant visitor, and she had a keen eye for the picturesque and the ludicrous. She did not hesitate to ask a drill-sergeant to interpret what he had been saying to his recruits, and so brought a blush to his hardened cheek as he explained that it was entirely unfit for publication. When she got entangled in a hedge of prickly pear, and had to call a private soldier to come and extricate her, she rather enjoyed the situation. She was a capital hand at driving unbroken donkeys tandem; she induced a Hungarian peasant woman to paddle in a bathing pool, and was delighted when the victim shrieked at the unexpected chill of the unaccustomed element. She did not much mind even when she spent the night, unchaperoned, in the malarial hut of a peasant, or when a large rat spent a winter night in her bedroom chasing the mice into the mouse-trap, or when, in the best guest-chamber of a great house in Kolozsvár, the fleas drove her to toss successive *chemises de nuit* into different corners of the room, and finally to sit all night at the window wrapped in a fawn mackintosh, the observer of all the nocturnal passers-by and the observed of some. She danced the csárdás admirably, and made herself agreeable alike in the peasants' cottages of Transylvania and the best society of Buda Pest, and, to the great astonishment of all parties concerned, she once flew at a peasant who was beating his wife—an intervention followed by very satisfactory results.

We prefer to cite these experiences rather than to sketch Miss Browning's travels, because, though she saw a good deal of the scenery, of the peasantry, and of the aristocracy in town and country alike, she necessarily saw very little indeed of the classes that are "not in Society," or not dependent on it, and of the problems that are coming to the front even less. She was introduced to Baron Banffy, the Liberal Premier, whose family is so aristocratic that his young son may only take his punishment vicariously, and so has a whipping-boy, after the fashion of Scottish princes in the Middle Ages. She was in Buda Pest at the time of the great struggle with the Peers over the Civil Marriage Bill, and even (so she tells us) made a suggestion to a leading Member of Parliament, which was adopted, in a modified form; but she was a spectator rather than a student. She saw plenty of social life in country houses in Buda Pest and elsewhere, and at a charming watering-place; she travelled over the Alföld, in the Carpathians, and down the Danube to Orsova; and she always had a keen eye for the picturesque. Her book is capital reading; its only faults are a certain fondness for bright-looking platitudes—which might pass from a very young lady's lips, but will not stand the test of print—and a tendency to drag in the very feeblest and most inapposite Biblical jests that we remember to have experienced anywhere. When she writes novels—for, of course, we shall meet her again in print—she will not have as "good copy" as her travels have furnished her with, and these faults will be glaring if she is not wise in time. Nevertheless, the book is a very pleasant one. Miss Browning is a capital traveller, of that rare kind that contributes to raise English prestige on the Continent instead of lowering it. May other cheery English girls go and do likewise!

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

Cosmic Ethics: The Mathematical Theory of Evolution. By W. Cave Thomas. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The title "Cosmic Ethics" is very suggestive. Sublime indeed is the tale of restless effort—ever energising in new forms, yet one in the steadfast glory of its aim—which seems shadowed forth in these two words. One thinks perforce of Plotinus and Bruno and Jacob Boehme and Schelling—of all the great dreamers who have pictured a world-soul vivifying phenomena and urging man to fulfil his destiny through union with the One Eternal Being. Why have we no such seers now? The Cosmos remains, though the world we inhabit has become so small, and most of us still believe in a Universal Spirit.

But we must quit these speculative heights—we must fall down plump to the region of ordinary matter-of-fact experience. Mr. Cave Thomas is no pantheist, or theosophist, or mystic; he is merely a sober-minded thinker who has rashly attempted to build up a philosophical system on the shaky foundations of "common-sense" belief. Immediately we are told that his theme is the "Golden Mean" we are prepared in some measure for the wearisome disquisition which fills this bulky volume. He starts, indeed, from a point of view which gives some promise of originality of treatment. His fundamental axiom is that all experience is quantitative,

and becomes valuable only when it can be expressed in mathematical form. Light, sound, colour, all these have been reduced to their quantitative elements, and by this means alone has any true knowledge of them been gained. Moreover, a long course of experience has taught man that in all this quantitative mass a constant adjustment is going on, assigning to the several parts those proportions which are most conducive to the well-being of the whole. The quantitative ideal required by his theory Mr. Cave Thomas finds in the middle point between two extremes. He even constructs figures in which the limits of the "extreme zones" and the "mean or moderate zone" are clearly marked. Within the latter activity has free play, the only condition imposed on it being the maintenance of the average expressed by the middle point. Where Mr. Cave Thomas obtained his minute knowledge regarding the "range or compass of proportionate relation," enabling him to determine the "polar extremes of differentiation" and the "compass of moderate variation" we are at a loss to conceive. It is not easy to see how in any of the spheres wherein he attempts to apply his theory it is possible to form any precise notion of the extremes of excess and defect. Does he imagine that when Aristotle framed his schemes of correlative virtues and vices he intended to attach a definite tangible shape to these shadowy abstractions? Here, indeed, is a pretty task for the moral philosopher! Imagine him engaged in picturing to himself the man in the greatest possible rage or the most abject fit of terror! It is to be hoped that the canons he would formulate would free us from the necessity of carrying about these pleasing images in our own minds.

This is a *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Cave Thomas's theory from a practical standpoint; let us now consider what there is to be said for it on psychological and metaphysical grounds. In the first place, Mr. Cave Thomas is wrong in assuming that the quantitative element is objectively present to the mind when it forms an æsthetic conception or resolves on a line of action. We reach it only by way of reflection in the effort to give individual expression to preconceived aims and ideas. These owe their existence to our own emotions, which defy the endeavours of the most skilful psychometrist. We cannot measure our pleasures and pains, our fears, hopes, sympathies, and aspirations. Even if we could, it would not help us much, for some have far outdistanced others in the capacity and range of their thought and feelings; the whole path of human progress opens up a vista which is well-nigh boundless. The standard of morals or æsthetic taste vaguely recognised in any epoch is, of course, due to the consensus of opinion and sentiment in that particular stage of evolution. This rudimentary fact Mr. Cave Thomas does (indirectly) acknowledge; but then he writes as though man were consciously engaged in moulding himself after an established pattern, partly suggested by the courses of the planets and his own bodily functions. He calls his book the "Mathematical Theory of Evolution"; but, mathematical or otherwise, that is a strange kind of evolution in which the goal towards which we are darkly and painfully working is known, or may be known, from the outset. Mr. Cave Thomas's "objective" views—if we may so apply the term—have in fact led him to construct a theory of the Universe which is completely at variance, not only with modern science, but with the whole trend of European thought for the last three centuries. He has fallen into the very ancient error of hypostatising an abstraction, of attributing to it the energy and power of a living agent. It would be unfair to compare "Cosmic Ethics" with the "Republic," but in one respect at least Mr. Cave Thomas may claim kinship with Plato—his "Golden Mean" belongs to precisely the same class of notions as the immutable "Ideas." And these, we thought, had vanished for ever into Limbo with the ghosts of the last belated schoolmen.

MR. QUILLER COUCH'S POEMS.

POEMS AND BALLADS. By Q. London: Methuen & Co.

THOSE of us who delight in "Noughts and Crosses" and in "The Delectable Duchy" have always recognised their author to be a poet at heart. He is not the first poet in prose who has longed for the lawful livery of his craft. His "Green Bays" left us few things to remember. "The Splendid Spur," perhaps, and "The White Moth" were the memorable things of this volume of diversions; and he has done well to reprint them among their equals. He has the true romantic spirit, and his ballads have something of a haunting quality. "Sabina," "Doom Ferry," "The Masquer in the Street," "Dolor Oogo," among the ballads have the hush and the fear that is in the heart of Celtic poetry. His dramatic study, "Columbus at Seville," has alike strength and beauty; the impulse and the rapt purpose of the narrative never flag or fail. "Q" has very often great beauty of expression:—

"Love sings across the meadows debonair,
Pelting the Heavens with dust of golden hives.
Blown saffron bloom, and small birds with their wives,
And happiness in handfuls everywhere."

A poem called "The Gentle Savage" has this beauty of expression nearly throughout.

"O mother, in thy royal chamber
How barest thou such a son as I?
Thou, cased at heart with pearl and amber,
With starch and stiff embroidery:
I, the brown Ishmaelite—
I, whom the starry
Summits behold at loose upon the night
After my quarry.

"Small mother mine, amid thy roses;
Thy heart sings all the day content.
The curtain'd wall that round thee closes
Reminds not of imprisonment."

It will be seen that this work has just the faint ineffable touch and glow that make poetry. "Q" is nearly always simple. He is simple at his most poignant as in the most perfect poem of the book.

"PREMONITION.

"She sat upon the cottage stair,
A tender child of three,
And washed and dressed with wisest care
The doll upon her knee.

"And we, who guessed not why there grew
In Annie's baby eyes
That little clouding of the blue,
That shade of awed surmise,

"Remembered, in the darkened room,
Where yesterday we took
Our Annie's new-born babe, on whom
Her eyes might never look."

This and "The White Moth" stand together as poems which no one else could have written, in which "Q" is most entirely himself. Of the Columbus poem one might say, "It reads like a dramatic study of Browning"; of "The Kerchief," we might liken it to the work of many masters of the deft and dainty since the time of the Elizabethans: the ballads even might suggest comparisons, but these stand alone. These are the unmistakable work of the hand that created us "The Mayor of Gantick" and many other terrible and touching, or sweet and lovely, things. "Q" has an ear for a song, and a way to put the lilt of it into the heart of you. The spirit and the foot move together keeping time to "The Big Review" and "Helford River." Those are truly majestic stanzas in which the *Victoria* is commemorated, and deserve a place in the country's *Lyra Heroica*:—

"Not in Thy day of wrath,
Lord God of Sabaoth;
Not upon rock or sand
Hemmed with Thy breath round.
But leading tranquilly
Upon a tranquil sea,
Swift at a sister's hand,
Took she her death-wound.

"Now for the sea-men whom
Thy not degenerate womb
Gave thus to die for us,
England be tearless;
Rise, and with front serene,
Answer, thou Spartan queen:
'Still, God is good to me,
My sons are fearless.'

"Back to the flags that fly
Half-mast at Tripoli;
Back on the sullen drum
Mourning *Victoria*.
Loud, ay, and jubilant
Hurl thine imperial chant:
'In morte talium
Stat matris gloria!'"

It is a minor and technical defect in "Q's" art that he has sometimes difficult inversions and an occasional harshness of metre and awkwardness of construction that pull one up short in one's pleasure.

FICTION.

THE BORDERER. By Adam Lilburn. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

A STORMY PAST. By May St. Claire (Mrs. Garraway Atkins.) London: Digby, Long & Co.

LEEWAY. A Novel. By Howard Kerr. London: A. D. Innes & Co.

"THE BORDERER" is a story which smacks of the soil of Northumberland. It is nothing more than a tale of the life of simple folk dwelling on a farm at the foot of the Cheviot range; but it has in it, as the tale of every human life may have, all the elements of joy and woe, of passion and romance. It is the old story of two brothers and a maid. One brother is slow, reserved, hard to understand, without an outward grace of any kind, but with some solid virtues outweighing all the graces. The other is fair, smooth-tongued, and false and selfish to the core. That, both loving the girl who has been brought up with them on their father's farm the younger, with his glib and lying tongue, should win her heart, is only in the accepted order of things. But Will Riddell does not become the husband of his cousin, May Colwyn. He has won her girl's heart, but the discovery of grievous sin on his part, and his expulsion from home by his miserly old father, quickly follow the avowal of his love, and May is left at the farm, with the knowledge that her lover is unworthy. Then it is that time and circumstance and the old farmer's stern will prevail, and she accepts Paul, the elder brother, as her husband, not loving him as she had loved Will in the hot passion of her youth, but grateful to him for his unceasing care for herself, and admiring him for his sterling goodness. They are married, and, the old father being dead, they reign together in the little Border farm, Paul always chivalrous, devoted, and shy. Then comes a discovery which, in the eyes of the young wife, seems to prove that the universe is out of joint, and that, in accepting Paul, she had cast herself into a quicksand instead of building on a rock. She learns—or thinks she does—that the wretched Will's misdoing had not been half so grievous as men supposed, and that it was through the selfish silence of the austere and impeccable Paul, that he had been driven from his father's house. Her heart turns in fierce revolt against her husband, whom she accuses of having destroyed his brother and robbed her of her only happiness; and Paul, whose tender conscience magnifies the insignificant wrong which he had innocently wrought against his brother, accepts her wild and foolish words as the sentence of God, and, making her the only reparation that he regards as possible, leaves her in possession of the farm, and goes out to face the world, penniless and heart-broken. Almost before his wife has had time to repent, as she quickly does, of her injustice towards her husband, news comes to her that she is a widow. A body, identified as Paul's, has been found, terribly mangled, upon the railway. It will be seen that in the main incidents there is a striking resemblance between this story and the admirable "Sylvia's Lovers" of Mrs. Gaskell; nor is the resemblance diminished by the fact that May has a child soon after she loses her husband, and that the lover of whom she believed she had been wrongfully robbed returns to the farm to resume his wooing. But the tale ends differently from Mrs. Gaskell's, and the treatment of characters and subject is different throughout. We can recommend it as a strong and sincere piece of work; and though we may be here and there doubtful as to the accuracy with which the Border dialect is rendered, no one familiar with the district will question the fidelity of the local colour with which the story abounds.

We have not often met with a story which contains so many marriages as may be found duly chronicled in "A Stormy Past." The book opens with a marriage—a marriage which is the key to the numerous adventures and misfortunes of which it is the record. By-and-by the marriage market becomes so crowded that a new couple is made happy in every chapter, and it is needless to say that there is a marriage—the best of all—at the end of the volume. But it must not be supposed that "A Stormy Past" is nothing more than a record of multitudinous wooings and weddings. It is, on the contrary, a tale of adventure and incident of the most exciting kind. We have the plot of the wicked baronet (not yet, however, in possession of his title) to ruin the beautiful and virtuous girl whom he professes to love, by means of a mock marriage; and we learn how the plot is frustrated by the strategy of her true, though unappreciated, lover, Jack Dealtry, who substitutes a real clergyman and a real marriage for the sham ceremonial desired by the wicked baronet. We have a deserted wife, the victim of intercepted letters, who is reduced at last to the stage of having to sing in the streets of a foreign town in order to procure bread for her child, but who is most happily discovered on her very first appearance in the character of a wandering minstrel by her devoted and broken-hearted uncle. A haunted abbey, with a grim family tradition, a skeleton, and, we are glad to say, the concealed family treasure-chest, an abduction, an attempted murder—wherein the deserted wife, having been hurled over the cliff into the sea, is promptly rescued by her old friend, Jack Dealtry, whose yacht is opportunely at hand—and a terrible catastrophe, in which the family curse comes home to roost in the most approved fashion, are only some of the things we meet with in "A Stormy Past." There is evidence in the book of a certain capacity for writing, and a quickness of eye for the picturesque, that leads us to hope that the author, when she has acquired the self-restraint that comes with practice, will be able to do better things than "A Stormy Past."

Mr. Howard Kerr, the author of "Leeway," has had the courage—or shall we say the imprudence?—to take for his hero a man whose miserable weakness of character renders him a curse to all with whom he comes in contact. Even in the hands of a skilled novelist the choice of such a hero is a dangerous experiment; and Mr. Howard Kerr, though by no means devoid of qualifications as a novelist, is palpably unskilled in the technique of his art. But not all the experience of a practised writer could avail to rouse sympathy with so feeble and flabby a creature as Dick Farley, the exasperating hero of "Leeway"; and, to be frank, we found him a prodigious bore. Good-natured, easy-going, perpetually floating with the current, and utterly unable to control his impulses or his destiny by a spark of manly resolution, Dick Farley very soon manages not only to exhaust the reader's patience, but to ruin his own career and to break the hearts of the four fair women who love him as such men

are too often loved in real life. There is absolutely no vice in the man; his intentions are honourable enough, but his will is too weak to permit him to act honourably. So it comes to pass that Hettie, the sweet English girl whom he basely deserts on the very steps of the altar; Narita, the emotional siren whose exotic attractions have drawn him away from his troth; Aileen, the beautiful childish Australian maiden who waits so patiently for his promised return; and Sadra, the splendid young savage whose tragic death furnishes the most vivid and stirring portion of the story—are all victims of the contemptible weakness of Farley's ill-balanced nature, while for each of his victims he cherishes quite a warm affection! That such men are, unfortunately, to be met with in real life we do not dispute, but they are too inherently uninteresting to sustain the *rôle* of hero, even in fiction. Yet, despite our irritation with Mr. Kerr's egregious hero, we must fain admit much merit in "Leeway." The author's style, if occasionally lacking restraint, is picturesque and imaginative. Particularly is this the case in his graphic descriptions of Bush life, and of the wild West African coast; indeed, there is something charmingly romantic in the episode wherein Aileen, the lonely Bush girl, is concerned, while the African tragedy is powerfully drawn. Mr. Kerr appears to know both the Bush and the tropics with an intimate knowledge, and while he keeps to these wild regions he is both interesting and convincing. We shall look with some curiosity for the successor to this strangely unequal novel.

AN ALARMIST REFUTED.

THE GERMAN BOGEY: A REPLY TO "MADE IN GERMANY." By George W. Medley. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

MR. MEDLEY is well known as a champion of sound economics and an expert in statistics; but he has seldom done better service than in this examination of the very remarkable, and also very misleading, book called "Made in Germany." That book, indeed, impressed on Englishmen one salutary lesson: that if they want to keep their place in the world's trade they must be more scientific, more energetic, more alive to new opportunities, to small details, and to the needs or whims of their customers. But it also urged retaliatory duties and an Imperial Customs Union and other neo-Protectionist nostrums. This part of the book Mr. Medley effectively demolishes, together with a good many of the statistical inferences which have given the "German Bogey" its alarming appearance. Thus Mr. Williams is shown to have compared a year of abnormal productiveness, 1892—when France was still crippled and Germany had hardly started in the industrial race—with 1895, also an abnormal year, and half of it a year of depression. It is hardly wonderful, therefore, that the statistics show a decline. He points out a decline of value in exports, but forgets to note the decline in the value of imports too. He compares German exports of years before and after 1889, forgetting that they were increased in that year (on paper) by the inclusion for the first time of the exports through the Hanse Towns, which before were counted separately. He falls into various other pitfalls for the unwary statistician, and cannot cross even the "pons asinorum" of the learner in international trade—the explanation why our imports exceed our exports. (Here, by the way, Mr. Medley mentions some minor causes besides those usually given, *e.g.* the immigration of wealthy Americans into England, and the recent withdrawals of capital from Australia, which are worth remembering.) Mr. Medley judges Mr. Williams's Protectionism by his admission that Nemesis awaits the Protectionist and bounty-giving nation, and once more demolishes the plan of an Imperial Customs Union. Finally, he adds upwards of twenty valuable statistical tables showing by various tests—such as income-tax valuations, postal and telegraphic activity, and foreign investments—our real economic progress since 1879. The book contains less than 100 pages; but it is so full of figures and facts that an adequate review of it would considerably exceed its modest bulk. We can only commend it very cordially to the notice of all politicians and all students of economics.

FOR THE "NEW CHILD," AND OTHERS.

HAVING given a helping hand to the New Woman, it seems only fit that Mr. John Lane should now devote himself to the cultivation of the New Child. What a world of difference there is between the children's book of our youth (whether our years be three score and ten, or but a score) and the elaborately beautiful little volumes issued from the Bodley Head! "Books for and about children" they are styled; some of them—Mrs. Meynell's, for instance—being in no sense what is meant by "children's books"; but the most are evidently written for small readers. Of these is "The Child-World," by Gabriel Setoun, a collection of pleasing verses in the simplest words, charmingly and most ingeniously illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson; one of these verses, beginning "If children have been good all day," resembles rather curiously Tom Hood's "Queen Mab"—"But when the good child goes to bed," etc.—but, in all likelihood, a dozen others beside Hood and Mr. Setoun have held out to their little listeners the same promises of pleasant dreams, the same (rather cruel) threats of hideous nightmares—a sort of foretaste for children of Heaven and Hell. Mr. H. D. Lowry's "Make-Believe," also illustrated by Mr. Robinson, is about children rather than for them; like Mr. Setoun's—in fact, like all the other volumes in the series—it should serve excellently as a gift-book. The rest of the belated batch of Christmas books still lying upon our table are varied in character. The subject of "The Angel Princess," by Edward W. Darby (Swan Sonnenschein), may be guessed from its dedication to the Czarina and from her letter to the author (reproduced in facsimile), in which she refers sympathetically to his knowledge of her mother's character. "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates: a Story of Life in Holland" (Sampson Low & Co.), is an old friend in a new dress, the American publishers, Messrs. Scribner, having despatched the clever artist, Mr. Allen B. Doggett, to Holland for the special purpose of preparing his illustrations to this "New Amsterdam" edition; so the authoress, Mary Mapes Dodge, tells us in a pleasant little preface. Sir George Newnes has collected six of Thackeray's Christmas Books, including "Rebecca and Rowena," into a handy volume. There remain Phil May's "Guttersnipes" and "Winter Annual," delightful publications, both; and "Brownie," by Alice Sargant (J. M. Dent), a charming gift-book, with music by L. MacKenzie and pictures by Alice B. Woodward.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

SHORT studies on such great subjects as "Canterbury" and "Salisbury" are furnished in the opening volumes of the new "Cathedral Series" of historical handbooks which Mr. Gleeson White has undertaken to edit. Canterbury naturally as the metropolitan cathedral stands first, but it has other than merely ecclesiastical claims to ascendancy. It is one of the most spacious as well as stately churches in the world; and it is conspicuous not merely for grandeur of outline and beauty of detail, but also for great historical associations. The annals of Canterbury begin with the coming of Augustine at the bidding of Pope Gregory in 597. The earliest records in stone which still exist at Canterbury to attest religious zeal belong to the period of the Norman Conquest. Lanfranc, the first Norman Archbishop, was a mighty builder in more directions than one, and not least in hewn stone, and from his days to those of the later Tudors, generation after generation added to the work until the great central tower arose to keep watch over the fair fields of Kent and to attest the genius and daring of the latter fifteenth century architects. There is truth in the assertion that the chief interest of ancient buildings to the ordinary observer, as apart from the architectural specialist, is to be found in the fact that they are the most authentic materials in our possession from which to gain any insight into the lives and modes of thought of our ancestors. Half the charm of this little book on Canterbury springs from the writer's recognition of the historical association of so majestic a building with the fortunes, destinies, and habits of the English people. The building of Canterbury, its great ecclesiastical pageants and memories, its monuments of national significance, and all the poetry of association which lingers amid the dim religious light of its far-reaching aisles, are in turn passed in review, so far as that is indeed possible in a monograph which extends to scarcely more than a hundred pages. The shrine of Thomas à Becket was for centuries a place of pilgrimage, and kings from the days of Louis VII. of France, and Richard the Lion Hearted, who,

*THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CANTERBURY. A Description of its Fabric, and a Brief History of the Archiepiscopal See. Illustrated. (Bell's Cathedral Series.) London: George Bell & Sons.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF SALISBURY. A Description of its Fabric, and a Brief History of the See of Sarum. Illustrated. (Bell's Cathedral Series.) London: George Bell & Sons.

GUIDE TO BOURNEMOUTH AND THE NEW FOREST. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Maps. London: Adam & Charles Black.

THE YEAR'S ART, 1897. A Concise Epitome of all Matters Relating to Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. With Full-page Illustrations. Edited by A. C. R. Carter. London: J. S. Virtue & Co., Ltd.

HYGIENE FOR BEGINNERS. By Ernest S. Reynolds, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. Illustrated. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON SHAKSPEARE. By L. Rossi and E. M. Corbould. Illustrated. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.

"set free from durance in Austria," made a journey on foot from Sandwich to return thanks to God and St. Thomas for his deliverance. "But though the stately stones of these royal progresses to the tomb of the martyred archbishop strike the imagination vividly, yet the picture presented by Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' is in reality much more impressive. For we find there all ranks of society alike making the pilgrimage—the knight, the yeoman, the prioress, the monk, the friar, the merchant, the scholar from Oxford, the lawyer, the squire, the tradesman, the cook, the shipman, the physician, the clothier from Bath, the priest, the miller, the reeve, the manciple, the seller of indulgences, and lastly the poet himself—all these various sorts and conditions of men and women we find journeying down to Canterbury in a sort of motley caravan. Foreign pilgrims also came to the sacred shrine in numbers." One admirable feature of the book is its artistic illustrations. They are both lavish and satisfactory—even when regarded with critical eyes. The companion volume on Salisbury deals with a briefer and less complex story. In its way, there can be no doubt that this most graceful cathedral is unique. Oliver Wendell Holmes used to say that Salisbury was the eye of England, and the Cathedral was the apple of that eye, and if the first statement be granted, it is certain that the second cannot be challenged:—"Salisbury stands alone amongst English cathedrals for unity of design. . . . Dean Stanley, in comparing it with Westminster Abbey, hardly overpraised it in saying: 'Salisbury is all-glorious without, Westminster is all-glorious within.'" Canon Venables considers it "as an architectural composition, more especially as seen from the outside, the most perfectly designed building in the world." Elsewhere he speaks of it as "presenting none of those architectural problems so baffling and perplexing at Canterbury, Lichfield, or Lincoln." Its appearance from a distance has been the theme of poets, and a favourite subject for artists. Constable especially delighted to paint it. Among several of his different versions of the theme, the view from the meadows (with the rainbow), made popular by Lucas' mezzotint, is perhaps the best-known. Every aspect of Salisbury is passed in swift, picturesque survey in this charming little volume, and the illustrations in this case also heighten perceptibly the romantic appeal of an unconventional but scholarly guide-book.

Unlike the two ancient cities of which we have been speaking, "Bournemouth" is essentially a modern creation. Mr. Hope Moncrieff has just written for Messrs. Black a volume descriptive of the far-famed pine-clad pleasure resort of Hampshire. Half the fortune of Bournemouth springs out of the circumstance that it looks due south, and so is a favoured haunt of winter sunshine. Mr. Moncrieff—so modern is the town—thinks that there must be men still living who can remember when Bournemouth was nothing more than a hamlet of Christchurch, consisting of a tavern of humble pretensions and a few straggling cottages scattered about at the mouth of the Bourne—better known at the beginning of the century to smugglers and wild-fowl sportsmen than to physicians and their fashionable patients. "Early in the century Mr. Tregonwell, one of the local landowners, built himself a villa where is now the Exeter Hotel, at the end of the West Cliff. Twenty-five years later his neighbour, Sir George Tapps, took to laying out his property on the East Cliff for the accommodation of strangers, and built the Bath Hotel, granting it a monopoly on the estate, which is the reason that several large pensions on this side cannot rank themselves as licensed hotels. This family, which improved its name successively from Tapps to Gervis, and from Gervis to Mayrick, has found its fortunes also much improved by such prudent speculation, owing not a little also to another ancestor who had the whim of planting his property with fir-trees, and was much laughed at for such love of idle amenities; but this crop turned out a valuable one when land here came to be sold at a guinea a foot." The medical faculty smiled on Bournemouth. Fashion followed physic, and all through the Victorian era the town has grown by leaps and bounds, until it has now a resident population of some fifty thousand inhabitants, and can boast of the possession of a mayor and a mace—to say nothing of a public debt. In "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" Mr. Thomas Hardy calls the town "Sandbourne," and thinks that it is "like a fairy palace suddenly created by the stroke of a wand." Its attractions are set forth in order by Mr. Moncrieff, and, of a truth, there are few marine towns within easy reach of London which can offer so many advantages, especially when the bleak east winds of February and March make life scarcely worth living.

"The Year's Art" is a handbook which continues to justify its existence by an armoury of well-authenticated facts and statistics, no less than by a concise and admirably well-informed survey of the progress of painting, sculpture, and architecture, to say nothing of the applied arts, during the last twelve months. We have had occasion more than once to speak in terms of praise of this fascinating manual of reference, and we are glad that this eighteenth annual volume lives up to the expectations which its predecessors have kindled. Mr. Carter is to be congratulated on the success with which he has brought together a thousand and one facts of significance and importance to all who take either an æsthetic or a business interest in the growth and tendencies of contemporary art. There are portraits, as usual, of a number of representative artists, and in this connection even the print-sellers are not forgotten.

"Hygiene for Beginners" is the title of a sensible and lucid exposition by Dr. Ernest Reynolds, senior physician of the Ancoats Hospital, Manchester, of problems which concern very closely both the individual and the welfare of the community. We heartily commend the work, and think that the information which it gives on the primary conditions of personal health is certain to be of the utmost service to all who will take the trouble to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest such clear and excellent hints.

"Side-lights on Shakspeare" is the title of a well-written volume which seeks to give, without waste of words, exactly the kind of information which students preparing for examination require to master. The manual is filled with facts, and is written with a degree of freshness, not to say vivacity, which is uncommon in works of the kind. Nine plays and the sonnets are selected for scrutiny, and we have been agreeably surprised with the skill which is manifest in these aids to interpretation.

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